

LIFE



O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

DECEMBER 26, 1938

10 CENTS

THIS
STRANGE
NEW
WORLD
WE WORK IN



This Alajálov painting, "Landscape of the Year," illustrates A. D. 1938 in FORTUNE for January

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FORTUNE will place at your service the largest and most highly paid economic research staff ever assembled by a magazine—to report to you each month on the kaleidoscopic changes in Business and in Government that are troubling and

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Fortune

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

W. Va.

Sirs:

I enjoyed your pictures of "Life goes to a Hitler Party in West Virginia" (LIFE, Dec. 5).

However, I am sorry that you have added to the already popular misconception of a West Virginian as a tattered individual astride the family mule, idly strumming a "git-tar." This picture is usually formed by people listening to too many Hill-Billy programs on the radio.

I have never heard an Elizabethan accent here, and the singing of the ballads is usually confined to folk song festivals.

MRS. J. T. MORRIS

Borderland, W. Va.

Sirs:

Having been born and bred in the "naturally resourceful" State of West Virginia, it is delightful to reach the age of accountability and then have one of them well-bred squirts tell you that you sing Elizabethan ballads and speak some kind of accent.

A group of us have made up the money to get you down here but you better "borrow time" before you arrive!

THE FACULTY

Hinton High School
Cyrus Work Mann, Principal,
Hinton, W. Va.

Sirs:

The West Virginians are definitely interested in the "outside world" and I am sure the other citizens of my home State would join with me in saying that I certainly do not appreciate these remarks.

PRINCESS PENDLETON

Princeton, W. Va.

Sirs:

It seems to us hillbillies that the enclosed limning from the local printin' office is more in keeping with the traditional verbiage that accompanies LIFE's photographs dealing with West Virginia.

Which is our Elizabethan way of saying: "Nuts to LIFE"—with a Bronx accent which even LIFE's editors undoubtedly can understand.

EDWARD STEELE

Bluefield Chamber of Commerce,
Bluefield, W. Va.

Sirs:

Everyone seems to have the wrong impression of West Virginia.

Really our State is a very fine and advanced one.

JOHN L. YOUNG

Bluefield, W. Va.

Heil Schicklgruber

Sirs:

Congratulations on choosing the "Hitler" Party at West Virginia University! Perhaps you have planted a seed. It seems to me that the only weapon that can reach Hitler is ridicule. "Heils" are his bread of life. But if he only knew how very ridiculous he appears to us in America, with all his razzle-dazzle and Donald-Ducking—even his goose-steppers might become self-conscious. And after all, his father's name was Schicklgruber (which doesn't take a heil).

A. G. WHITE

Ontario, Calif.

Christmas Gifts

Sirs:

Your Christmas Buying story states: "Women stopped wearing pantie and bra sets five years ago." Here in Cedar Rapids women are again wearing them: three of the five girls I've dated in the last two weeks were wearing pantie and bra sets.

JOHN J. LODIER

Cedar Rapids, Iowa

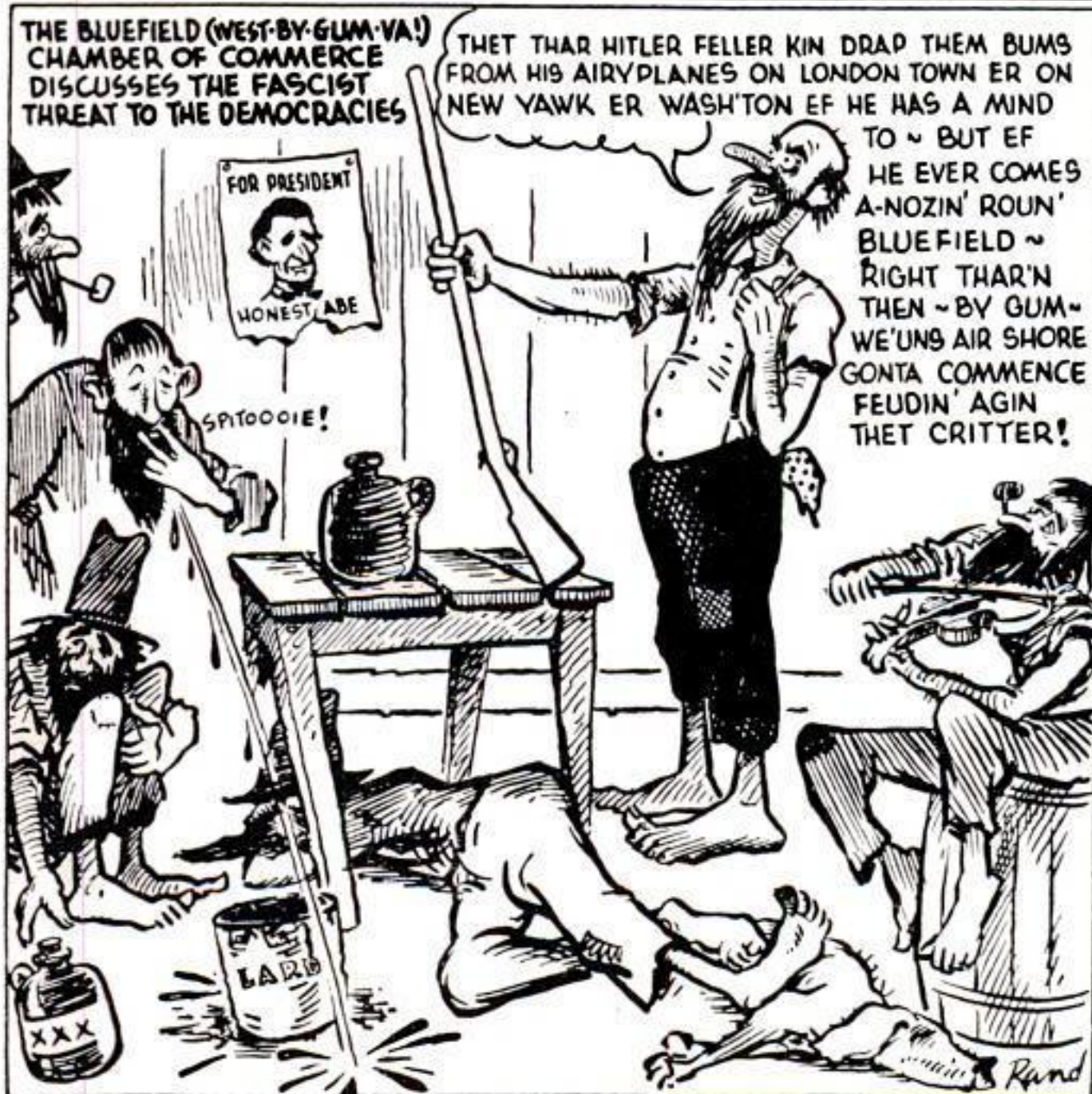
Sirs:

Your pictures and comments on "What is wrong with Christmas Gifts" fairly sparkle with information—especially for

As Others Insist Upon Seeing Us

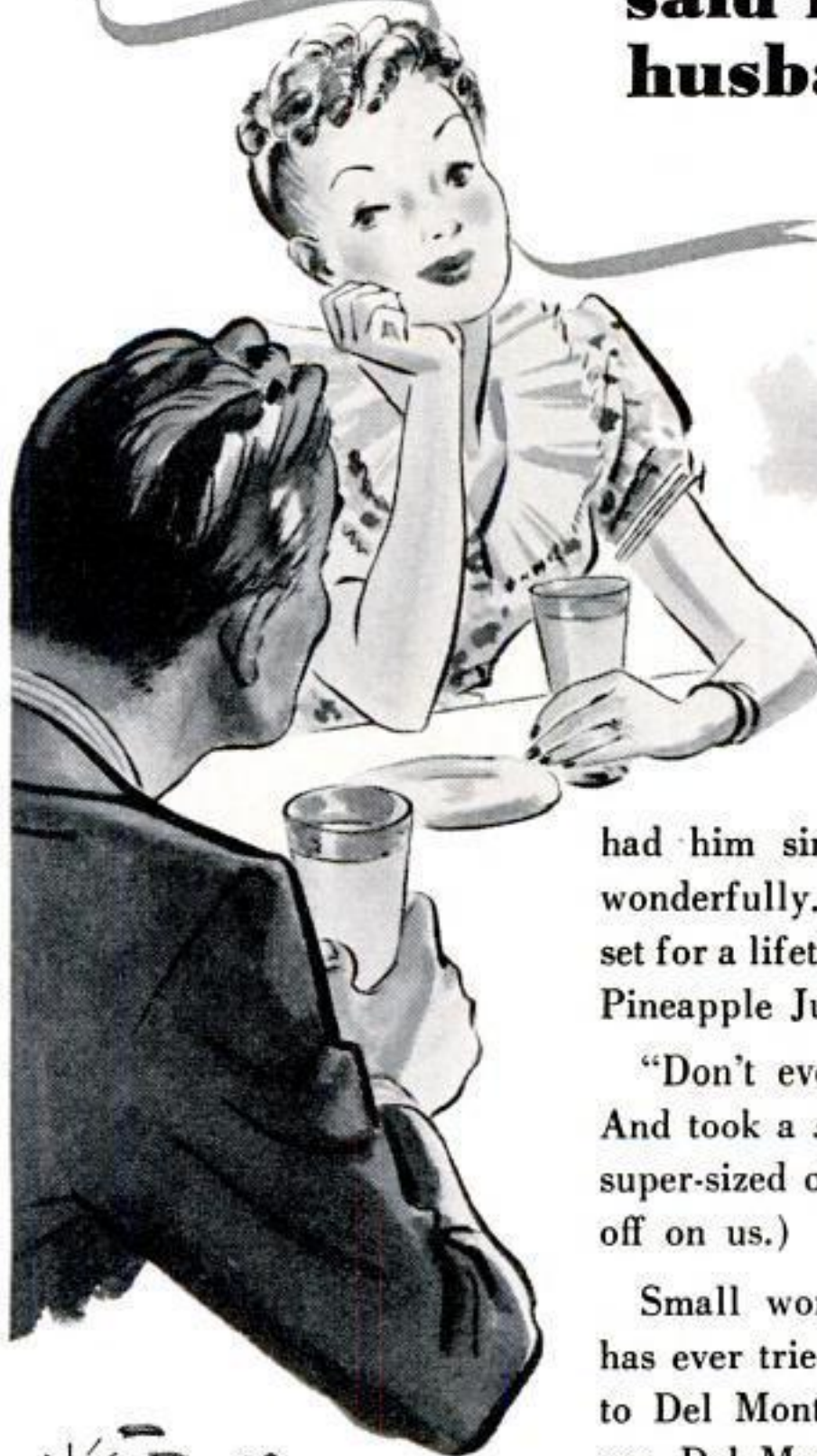
"One place where an anti-Nazi demonstration certainly could not be bought and paid for is the stanchly Anglo-Saxon State of West Virginia, whose mountaineers still sing Elizabethan ballads and speak with what philologists believe is an Elizabethan accent, and whose general disinterest in the outside world is the foundation for a whole school of American humor."

—LIFE Magazine, Dec. 5th Issue, Page 87



(continued on p. 2)

"Don't Ever Change"
said my first husband*



That's Harry. I've had him since June. He's wearing wonderfully. Thriving, even. And all set for a lifetime of me and Del Monte Pineapple Juice.

"Don't ever change," said Harry. And took a second big glass. (Those super-sized ones Aunt Jennie palmed off on us.)

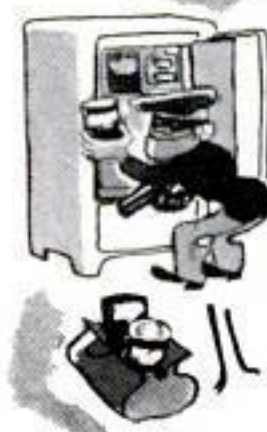
Small wonder that anybody who has ever tried it sticks like a brother to Del Monte Pineapple Juice. You see, Del Monte makes a business of flavor-freshness.



Day after day, Del Monte "pines" soak up glorious tropical sunshine—grow plump, sweet, juicy-ripe. Just filled with rich, melting pineapple goodness. Then—quick—the golden juice is sealed, pure, natural, fresh and fragrant.

No doubt about it—Del Monte Pineapple Juice is the smart way to put sunshine into gray winter dawns. Grand for lunch, too, or before dinner, or when your appetite yells "Gimme!" at midnight!

You'll always find sunny, lively refreshment, bracing, zesty goodness in Del Monte Pineapple Juice. Try it—soon!



* Almost any husband—or non-husband, even—will tell you the same thing. Or think it, anyway. So will your young hopefuls, the bridge club girls, your boss and his secretary, the grocery boy—practically everybody!

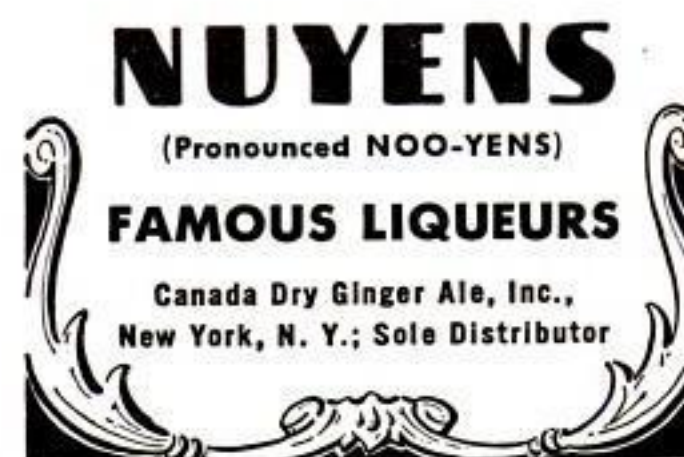


It's Del Monte Pineapple Juice





NUYENS after dinner liqueurs are now made in the United States with the same distinctive process and formula as have been employed in Bordeaux for 130 years. Be wise. Say NUYENS for fine liqueurs at "duty free" prices!



For constipation, you can't beat good old fashioned, pleasant tasting Lane's Tea. Made from selected herbs. Contains no harmful drugs. Easy to use. Simply brew the leaves like ordinary tea. Lane's Tea acts directly on the colon, aiding its muscular activity and flushing out waste material.

All we ask is that you try Lane's Tea at our expense. Write a postcard for FREE 10-day treatment. LANE'S TEA 300 North St., Le Roy, N. Y.



Relief and More



Safe, soothing relief when you have a cold.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS (continued)

those people who buy "Christmas Dogs." Sheer ecstasy, delight, gratitude and a few other things prompt me to thank you for showing the type of ties that men really like and buy.

If I, this Christmas, receive even one of those "Christmas Dogs," I shall immediately mail the giver a copy of the Dec. 5 issue of LIFE.

CALDER B. VAUGHAN
Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

We, the boys of Harris Dormitory, were particularly interested in your article on Christmas gifts. It was the first chart on that subject we've seen. It really comes in handy at this time of the year. We also liked the gradual rise in prices from the conservative to the ridiculous. We fully realize that it applies primarily to women's desires. As a rule, for them, "the sky is the limit."

GEORGE KEHR
LOUIS PACHECO
(and the boys)

Georgia Tech,
Atlanta, Ga.

Mother's Pride

Sirs:

I want to thank you most sincerely for the reproduction of my daughter, Melinda which appeared in the Dec. 5 issue of LIFE.

Naturally, I am extremely proud of my children, but when I saw Melinda and Duke in LIFE and so many of my friends called to tell me about it, I experienced a pride that beggars any attempted description.

Please accept my gratitude and the assurance of my sincere salutations.

JOAN BENNETT
Los Angeles, Calif.

Opera's Opening

Sirs:

Opera's opening at the Met (LIFE, Dec. 5) ... a great picture.

Same old gilded cage ... nightingales, prize canaries, maestro fiddlers, ballet and fairies. The old clothes-horse too and very much the same box office.

Thanks for the memory ... my shanks gone from under me ... and dropped from the old standee line permanently ... there's nothing left but the radio ... BRAVO ADAGIO ADDIO!

J. FREDERICK EMANUEL
Otisville, N. Y.

Policy

Sirs:

Trusting it will help you in sustaining editorial policy, I cheerfully volunteer the information that next to looking at pretty girls I like looking at pictures of pretty girls. However, wishing to be tactful and knowing well that you will understand, I reserve description of my personal ideal of what constitutes a pretty girl.

LLOYD M. HARRINGTON
Angola, N. Y.

Dog Love

Sirs:

Will you please tell me if I have an intelligent dog or an exceedingly dumb one? I held the issue of Dec. 12 in a position

where she could see the cover (Labrador retriever). She stared at it for about 30 seconds and then began a series of barks, growls and lunges that were exceedingly funny.

I never knew a dog could look at a picture and recognize the subject. She has seen pictures of dogs before and ignored them. Maybe it's love.

MRS. W. W. BOTZENHART
Columbus, Ohio

Warm Springs

Sirs:

As an ex-patient of Georgia Warm Springs Foundation (1930), may I take this opportunity of congratulating you on your splendid article (LIFE, Dec. 5) on the Foundation and Franklin D. Roosevelt, the Founder.

D. M. AGNEW
Vancouver, Canada

Sirs:

I want to thank you very much for the copy of LIFE which you sent so kindly to me.

I had a wonderful time sitting next to the President at our Thanksgiving party.



ROSENBAUM AND FRIEND

The President talked to me as if he were my own father. He explained everything in and about the White House to me, because I very badly wanted to know about it.

ROBERT M. ROSENBAUM
Warm Springs, Ga.

Sirs:

Thank you so very much for the copy of LIFE. The President thought the pictures of Warm Springs were most interesting.

MARY-LOUISE (CISSIE) LORD
Warm Springs, Ga.

Service

Sirs:

Many thanks for previewing *The Citadel* as it enabled me to write a book report for school without reading the book.

How about the life of Edward Bok?
EILEEN McKEOWN
Medfield, Mass.

● Sorry. How about *Hamlet* (LIFE, Nov. 28)?—ED.

Youth Problem

Sirs:

I thought it might be of interest to you to learn that, due to the June 6 issue of LIFE devoted to the youth problem—its future and chances of success—a speaker before the Brattleboro Lions Club, Brattleboro, Vermont, gave the inspiration which led this Club to make a survey of their community, analyzing the unemployment situation among the youth of that town. As a result of this survey they were able to place 51 boys and girls in permanent and semi-permanent positions. This contribution to community life has been greatly appreciated by the citizens of that section, and upon being informed by the president where the thought originally came from, I thought it might interest the personnel of your magazine to know the far-reaching effect some of these presentations by LIFE photographs sometimes have.

H. C. PETERSEN
District Governor
33d District

Lions International
Burlington, Vermont

LIFE'S PICTURES



Gjon Mili, who took the basketball pictures on pages 24 and 25, became so enthusiastic about the photographic lighting equipment which he helped Prof. Harold Edgerton develop at M.I.T., that he resigned his Westinghouse engineer's job to devote his whole time to high-speed photography. He has taken pictures at a speed of 1/100,000 of a second. To take the basketball pictures, he set up a studio at one end of the St. John's court, jumped around the court like a rabbit, pulling innumerable levers on his equipment. Above he is shown making candlepower measurements for a scientific paper on "Influence of Filament Form on Beam Characteristics with Shallow Parabolics."

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom), and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

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1—DOROTHY RAND from BLUEFIELD DAILY TELEGRAPH
2—A. P., courtesy WESTINGHOUSE
3—H. POSTER ENSMINGER-HARRY WATTS STUDIO exc. t. (2) EISENSTADT-PIX
4—INT., ACME, EISENSTADT-PIX—H. POSTER ENSMINGER-HARRY WATTS STUDIO (4), EISENSTADT-PIX
5—EISENSTADT-PIX
6—WALLACE KIRKLAND—FRANK C. MCCARTHY
7—WALLACE KIRKLAND
8—W. W.
9—A. P., THOS. D. MCAVOY, A. P.—A. P., ACME, A. P.—INT.
10—W. W.
11—W. W. A. P.—ANSEL ADAMS
12—CHICAGO HERALD & EXAMINER, M-G-M—LEONARD HYAMS—TED WEAR, M-G-M
13—INT., H. & E.—N. Y. DAILY NEWS PHOTO (2), MORRIS ROSENFIELD—BROWN BROS., A. P., BROWN BROS.—INT.
14—U. & U. I.N.P. SOUND PHOTO, ACME—A. P., W. W. (2), INT., N. Y. TRIBUNE INC., ACME—BROWN BROS., INT., THE N. Y. SUN INC., INT.—A. P., W. W., A. P. (2)
15—21—MADE BY BOB JACKSON PHOTOGRAPHED BY CARL MYDANS
16—22—PETER STACKPOLE
17—23—GJON MILI
18—24—U. S. FOREST SERVICE PHOTO BY CLINT DAVIS
19—30—Courtesy FERARGIL GALLERIES
20—FERNAND BOURGES courtesy FERARGIL GALLERIES—courtesy FERARGIL GALLERIES
21—Courtesy FERARGIL GALLERIES
22—PETER STACKPOLE exc. bot. lt. WARNER BROS.
23—PETER STACKPOLE exc. bot. rt. WARNER BROS.
24—PETER STACKPOLE
25—Border courtesy B. WESTERMANN CO. INC., NEW YORK; cen. NEW YORK TIMES STUDIO; bot. cen. M. THERESE BONNEY
26—HOLISHER, N. Y.—M. THERESE BONNEY—M. THERESE BONNEY—rt. M. THERESE BONNEY—P. L.
27—38—CHARLES AKERS BRADBURY exc. t. lt. p. 38 M. THERESE BONNEY
28—M. THERESE BONNEY, W. W., P. L.—INT.—INT.—P. L., A. P., W. W.
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36—HANSEL MIETH
37—20TH CENTURY-FOX—MORSE-PIX
38—2nd row W. W.—3rd row cen. W. W., lt. INT.—4th row P. L., INT., W. W.
39—1st row cen. lt. CULVER, W. W., INT.—2nd row KEY, P. L., INT. (2)—3rd row INT. (2), W. W., INT.—4th row lt. A. P., cen. rt. VANDAM, rt. ACME
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44—W. EUGENE SMITH from B. S.
45—W. EUGENE SMITH from B. S. exc. bot. lt. W. W.
46—W. EUGENE SMITH from B. S.—W. W.
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CAMPFIRES AND CHARACTER

TODAY'S world of turbulent ideas and ideals has confused many a thoughtful adult. How much more, then, has the child of today been confused by these same forces—forces which he has not the mind to understand nor the experience to master.

Even if he is well-fed, well-housed and well cared for, he often adopts the reckless patterns of behavior he sees in his confused elders.

How much more, then, is the ill-fed, ill-housed, underprivileged child of the slum likely to cast about for dangerous pleasures, ideas, and excitements.

* * *

When LIFE assumed the responsibility of Life Camps for underprivileged city children it discovered more than the joy of feeding the undernourished, more than

the satisfaction of giving a few weeks of sunshine and play to those whose playgrounds are tenemented streets. LIFE discovered that these camps, thoughtfully organized to care for the physical and psychological needs of the individual child, developed the qualities of initiative and responsibility. Around the campfire CHARACTER is the rule, not the exception.

* * *

For fifty-one years Life Camps have been supported by private contributions. Every dollar of your contribution, sent to Life Camps, Inc., Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York City, is used to send slum children to these Campfires.

LIFE CAMPS



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A BELOVED SISTER
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"THE LITTLE VIKING"
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M. A. W. & M. B. W.
V. H. W., JR.
J. C. WEAVER
ANNA M. WHITWELL
417 ADDITIONAL CONTRI-
BUTIONS AS FOLLOWS:
330 ANONYMOUS
87 FRIENDS

Further contributions,
including those received
after this issue went to
press, will be acknowl-
edged in later issues.

SPEAKING OF PICTURES...



Unsightly distortion is caused by over-eager contact of lips, resulting in mashed noses and creased jowls. Any normally vigorous lover's kiss would photograph just as badly as this.



Dreamy contentment is pictured in this photogenic embrace. Miss Kerry's recipe: "Mouth must be entirely relaxed, eyes closed, head drawn back. The lips touch ever so lightly."

These kisses were rejected by advertisers



FOR VARIOUS REASONS WHITE OWL DECLINED TO ACCEPT ANY OF THE KISSES SHOWN IN THESE SEQUENCES. FIRST ONE, FOR INSTANCE, IS TOO TENSE; THE SECOND, THIRD

...THIS GIRL'S KISSES MAKE MEN BUY CIGARS

To advertising men throughout the U. S., blonde Sheila Kerry is known as "The Girl of a Million Kisses." From coast to coast her image, languorously embracing a dark young man, persuades sensitive smokers that they may smoke White Owl cigars and still win a mate. Accompanying catch lines: "Keep Fit for Breathing Moments," "Kiss and Tell," "Every Woman Wants to be Kissed." Miss Kerry is a notable figure in the business world not only because she has sold millions of cigars, but because she has brought The Kiss back to advertising.

Three years ago Will Hays, movie czar, officially frowned on publicity pictures featuring passionate kisses. Timorous commercial advertisers followed Hollywood's lead, canceled kiss layouts, substituted discreet lapel-tugging and hand-holding scenes. Early in 1937 when White Owl's advertising agents decided on a kiss campaign they called up several studios and asked for pictures of a man and girl kissing. The studios replied none could be had. The agency determined to take its own pictures and began looking for suitable models.

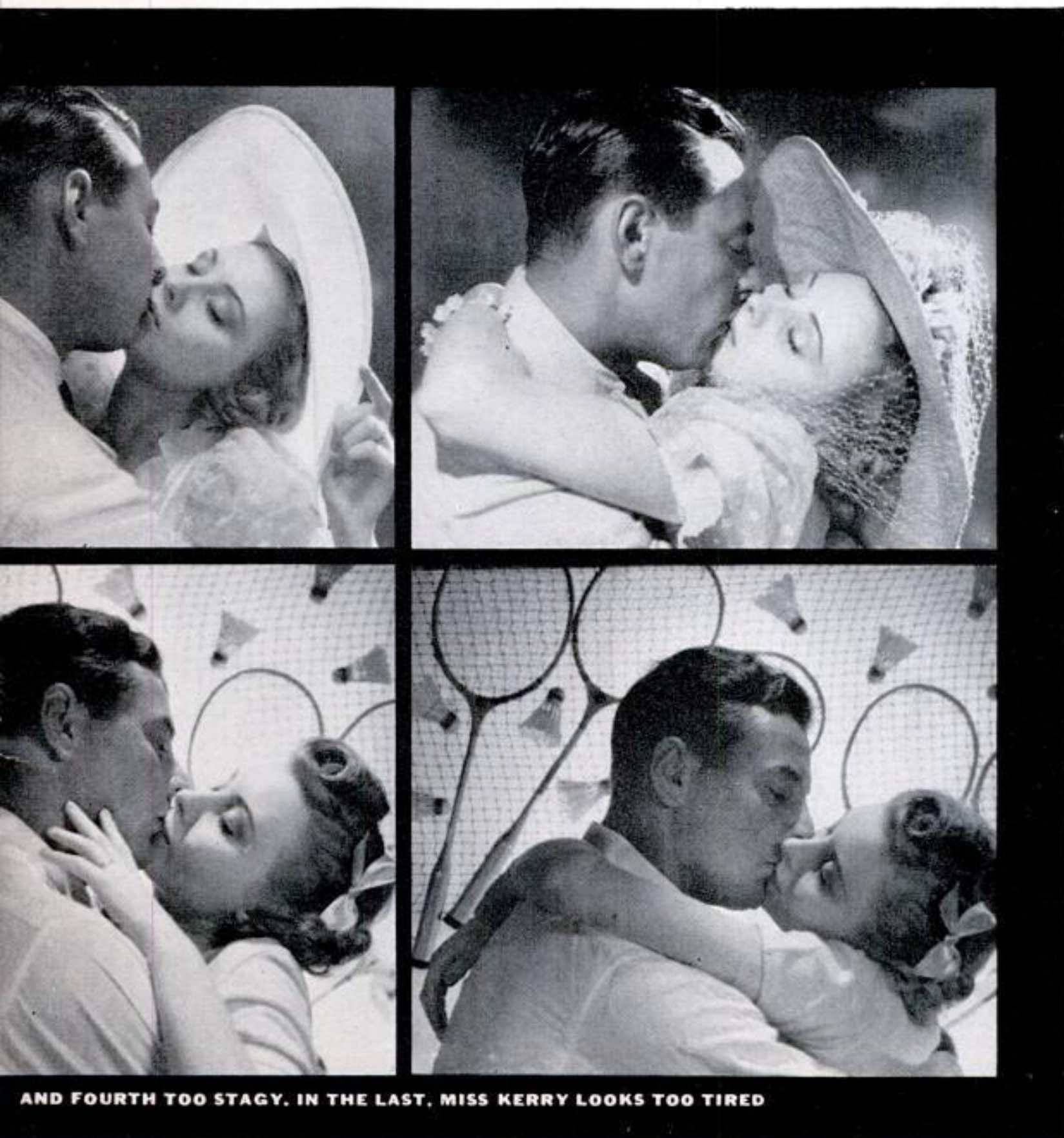
One day last year, Miss Kerry walked into the office and asked for a job. She filled all requirements but she refused to pose unless she could pick the man to kiss her. Her choice was William Rankin, no model but a dairy-products salesman and an old friend and suitor. He satisfied the advertisers too. Today, though he is a "Man of a Million Kisses," he still sells dairy products, still loves Miss Kerry. Top left Miss Kerry and Mr. Rankin demonstrate variations in their technique. Notice Miss Kerry's wedding ring, an essential in all kiss advertising.



MISS KERRY KISSES CONNECTICUT'S GOV. CROSS (LEFT) AND VICTOR MOORE



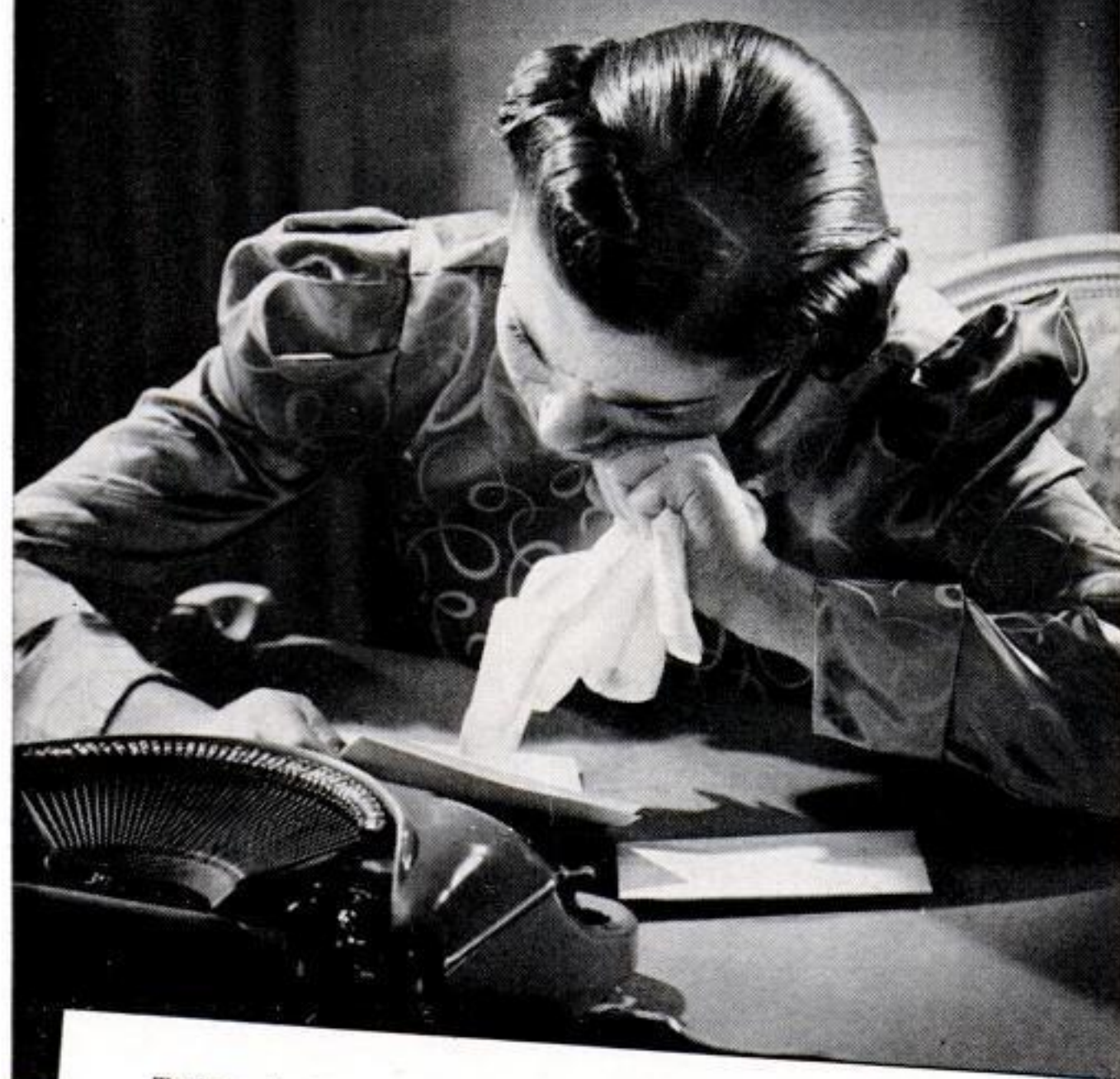
Plenty of hard work is involved in the filming of a Kerry-Rankin kiss. Above you see them going into action while photographers, property men, cosmeticians hover attentively. The girl-in-boy's-lap position has been found most suitable and comfortable for kissing shots. Note Mr. Rankin's tweed trousers and brown shoes under white tie and tails. Below, Miss Kerry sits propped on cushions so she can lean on back of sofa without hunching shoulders.



AND FOURTH TOO STAGY. IN THE LAST, MISS KERRY LOOKS TOO TIRED



Dear Mother,
The honeymoon is over!



We've had the nastiest row. I'll never, never forgive him for saying his mother used to get his shirts whiter than I do.

Jane

Dear Jane,
Ted's a nitwit and so are you!
His mother's washes had the meanest case of tattle-tale gray till I told her what ailed them! Her soap was so lazy it left dirt behind. Change to Fels-Naptha like she did - and go on with your honeymoon!
Mother

Dear Mother,
That little guy, Cupid, has nothing on you! I tried your Fels-Naptha and I'll say those marvelous suds of richer golden soap and lots of naptha take out all the dirt. Ted's simply tickled about his shirts. And glory, but it's swell to have him tossing bouquets at me again!

Jane

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP! { P.S. You'll like the new Fels-Naptha Soap Chips too! }

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)



A rented dress is made to fit with a few clothespins behind. Below you see Mr. Rankin's feet propped on telephone books. The phone books elevate his lap, which in turn elevates Miss Kerry to the right height for kissing. Miss Kerry likes to work with shoes off. Photographers know she is enjoying her work when her toes twitch.



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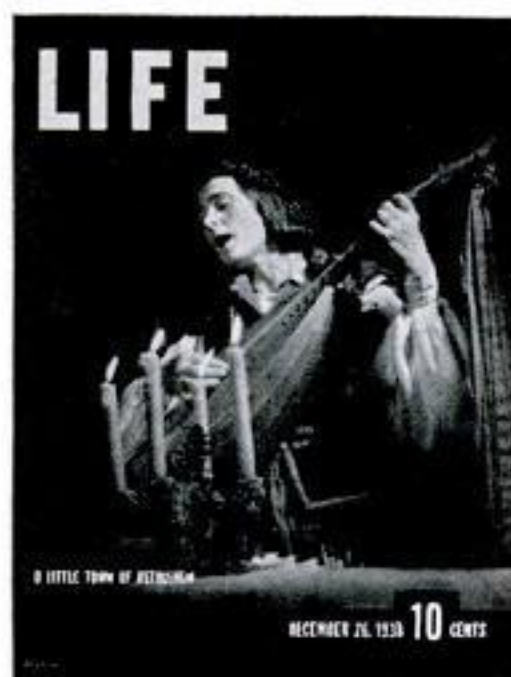
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LIFE'S COVER: The mediaeval minstrel shown on the cover is Mrs. Ollo Baldauf of San Francisco. The instrument in her hand is a lute, the period 13th Century, the occasion the annual Bracebridge Hall pageant at The Ahwanhee, Yosemite Park. The action depicts a Christmas banquet served by an English squire to villagers. The atmosphere embodies the Anglo-Saxon Christmas mood of reverence and joy typified by such carols as *O Little Town of Bethlehem*, *Deck the Halls*, *The First Nowell*. For other Christmas pictures turn to pages 16-17.

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TAKE 7 TIME WITH YOUR DRINK...



7 TIME WON'T TAKE ITS SPARKLE!

When drinks are mixed with Canada Dry Water...sparkle and good taste *last*. Sip as slowly as you wish...your drink will never droop.

There's real reason for this lasting liveliness, this extra tastiness...millions of smaller bubbles, achieved through Canada Dry's own process, PIN-POINT CARBONATION!

Tests prove that PIN-POINT CARBONATION gives Canada Dry Water life and sparkle for 24 hours after the bottle has been opened!

That's why it is served in leading hotels, clubs and restaurants...and why this likely, lively drink deserves a place in your home.



You Are Invited To Enjoy Better-Tasting Drinks Where You See This Emblem In Leading Hotels, Clubs And Restaurants.

Sparkling
CANADA DRY
WATER



Prefer Ginger Ale for your tall drinks? Use Canada Dry, "The Champagne of Ginger Ales."

LISTEN TO "INFORMATION, PLEASE!"
The new Canada Dry radio hit.
See your local paper for station and time.



*"So now I'm an influence
in foreign affairs!"*

1. John nearly drove me frantic with his "Do's" and "Don'ts" about this dinner for the Ambassador. He was a gruff, crotchety old fellow, and hard to please...but he could help John get that diplomatic post!



2. "Don't serve coffee to the Ambassador," John said: "he's one of those who can't drink it. The caffeine keeps him awake!" "I'll remember!" I promised. Well, after dinner...



3. You should have seen John's face when the coffee was served! He thought I'd gone crazy! "Coffee!" the Ambassador snorted. "I love it! But I shouldn't drink it, because if I do, I shan't sleep a wink!"



4. "This coffee can't keep you awake!" I told him: "it's Sanka Coffee—97% caffeine-free!" The Ambassador perked up. "How's that? They've taken the caffeine out?" He took a sip. "Ah, delicious! Delightful!"



5. "You nearly gave me heart failure," John said later. "But you made a big hit with the Ambassador! He thinks you're the world's most considerate hostess! And he hopes I'm as diplomatic as you are, because he's getting me that post!"

READ WHAT THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION SAYS ABOUT SANKA COFFEE: "Sanka Coffee is free from caffeine effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden."

To enjoy *all* of Sanka Coffee's rich, satisfying flavor, make it strong... as all good coffee should be made! Use your favorite method, and a heaping tablespoon for each cup.

Your grocer has Sanka—drip or regular grind. Get a can today. A General Foods Product.

TUNE IN "WE, THE PEOPLE"—Tuesday evening—Columbia Network—see your local paper for time and station.



SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE...97% CAFFEIN-FREE...DRINK IT AND SLEEP!



TOP-HATTED DELEGATES SWARM OUT OF PERU'S HALL OF CONGRESS AFTER OPENING SESSION OF PAN-AMERICAN CONFERENCE, DEC. 9

LATIN-AMERICANS AT LIMA PARLEY CARRY OWN NOTIONS UNDER THEIR HATS



ANTI-YANKEE POSTER IN BUENOS AIRES

On Dec. 15, sixth day of the Pan-American Conference at Lima, Peru, a New York Times behind-the-scenes dispatch reported that the U. S. delegation's efforts to get the Conference to take a strong stand for mutual defense of the Western Hemisphere had failed. Drafting of a declaration on the subject, wrote the *Times* correspondent, had been turned over to Argentina, which was resolutely opposed not only to signing a formal alliance but even to setting up effective machinery for consultation among the Hemisphere's 21 sovereign nations in time of danger.

Actually, the Conference still had twelve days to go, and conclusions about its final outcome were bound to be premature. But already there were signs aplenty that the olive-and-brown-skinned delegates of the other 20 American nations were carrying under their shiny toppers (above) notions of their own about President Roosevelt's new policy of "Continental Solidarity." Good-neighborly Secretary of State Hull was by no means having everything his own way at Lima in forming an All-American united front, led by a rearmed U. S., against Europe's dictators.

At the left is a notice recently posted up around Argentina's capital, Buenos Aires. Signed by the

"Alliance of Nationalist Youth," the poster reads: People of the Argentine: AWAKE!

The so-called policy of the "Good Neighbor" is a mask behind which are hidden the imperialistic intentions of the United States.

In the Lima Conference an attempt will be made to impose on Argentina entanglements which will convert her into a slave factory of North America. The watchword of Argentine youth is at this moment: WAR AGAINST YANKEE IMPERIALISM!

Facts for U. S. citizens to face: by ancestry, tradition and culture, Latin-Americans are bound much more closely to Europe than they are to the U. S. Most of them do not share our democratic ideals and repugnance to dictatorship. Only nine of the 21 countries represented at Lima have genuine popular rule. Naturally they shrink from alienating European nations with whom they carry on profitable trade. Though they prize their independence and fear German and Italian aggression, they also fear the U. S. Five years of the Roosevelt-Hull "Good Neighbor" policy have not been long enough to erase their distrust and resentment of the "Colossus of the North," created by our decades of "dollar diplomacy."



Peru's President Benavides (above, center), with his aides, leaves the Hall of Congress at Lima after delivering a welcoming address to the Congress, Dec. 9. On his left is his Foreign Minister Carlos Concha, who was elected president of the Conference. Until the Conference convened, the Hall of Congress had not been used since 1936 when President Benavides, having lost out at the polls, dissolved Peru's Congress, established a dictatorship. In his speech Benavides carefully avoided treading on German and Italian toes, declared: "The position of America is one of collaboration, not of rebuke; of help, not reproach."

U. S. Secretary of State Hull (below) delivers his opening speech in the Chamber of Deputies on the second day of the Conference. The gentle, white-haired Secretary, most popular man at the Conference, got a rousing ovation when he rose to speak. At Montevideo in 1933 and at Buenos Aires in 1936, his unassuming friendliness and care to avoid appearance of attempting to dominate proceedings did much to break down Latin-American distrust of the U. S. Mr. Hull believes that the intangibles of a conference—the friendships and understandings reached by statesmen—are worth more than signed treaties.





Here, against the marble and brocade of Peru's glittering Government Palace, Argentina's Foreign Minister José María Cantilo (*left*) chats with President Benavides. Not a delegate, Dr. Cantilo arrived at Lima on a warship, sailed away after five days but remained the Conference specter. For he it is who directs potent Argentina's stand against the U. S. defense policy. Europe is far & away the chief

market for Argentine wheat and meat. The U. S., itself a great agricultural country, is this year buying only 7% of Argentina's exports. Argentina is outraged because: 1) the U. S. bars all its meat for sanitary reasons, though some regions are free of hoof & mouth disease, 2) a move was recently made to dump surplus U. S. wheat in Brazil, which Argentina regards as its private market for wheat.

**ARGENTINA'S CANTILO IS
THE CONFERENCE SPECTER**

LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD

Love sweeps the country; Trotsky predicts a Revolution; Nazis boycott Chamberlain

The picture-week was a tabloid-reader's dream, a daily ecstasy of vicarious life and love. Out of newspaper morgues and police files came photographs from four decades which, pieced together, unrolled



TOPPING & BAKER

the most fantastic crime-adventure yarn in history—the Strange Life and Death of Philip Musica, alias F. Donald Coster (*see p. 18*). And, in the tender throes of mating and re-mating, an astonishing procession of past & present Glamor Girls and Boys marched two by two before the nation's newscameras. In Palm Beach, Henry J. ("Bob") Topping Jr., lion-hunting tin-plate heir, and Gloria Baker, Bromo-Seltzer heiress who was the Brenda Frazier of 1937, announced their impending marriage one day after Topping was divorced by his blonde ex-chorus-girl wife, Jayne Shaddock (*LIFE*, Nov. 28). In New York, Muriel ("Honey") Johnson, whose last rumored engagement was to Prince David Mdivani (*LIFE*, Aug. 23, '37), was officially betrothed to Richard E. ("Dick") Berlin, general manager of Hearst Magazines. Ex-Playboy Phil Plant, ex-husband of Constance Bennett, took a third wife in Manhattan. In Haverford, Pa., Curtis B. Dall, 42-year-old ex-son-in-law of President Roosevelt, took a 21-year-old second wife, and in New Orleans Pierre Clemenceau, grandson of France's Tiger, wed a U. S. bride. In the midst of the trial of her ex-husband, Col. Martin ("The Gimp") Snyder, for shooting her sweetheart, Myrl Alderman (*LIFE*, Oct. 31), ex-Songstress Ruth Etting flew to Las Vegas, Nev., and married Alderman. And in Hollywood the path of America's favorite romance was smoothed as Clark Gable's wife, eleven years his senior, agreed at last on a \$286,000 property settlement, opening the way for a divorce which will free him to wed Carole Lombard.



MRS. GABLE



ALDERMANS

Eden's Progress. Love bloomed in the path of England's glamorous Anthony Eden, making his maiden visit to America. In Washington, Dec. 13, files of beaming, clapping, Government she-clerks made his walk from the State Department to the White House a triumphal progress. President Roosevelt, with whom he spent an hour, and other officials were reported no less charmed. Going through the expected paces, Captain Eden spent 15 minutes at the Lincoln Memorial, trotted off to Mount Vernon, turned up a tomb on his own account when he visited the Annapolis grave of his great-great-grandfather, Sir Robert Eden, last Colonial Governor of Maryland. Sailing Dec. 16, he voiced to well-wishers at the pier a last graceful tribute to American "enterprise and vitality." Captain Eden's visit may have been, as he said, "not even a sixteenth-part official," but it had turned out that a Britain which now needs more than ever to win friends and influence people could have sent no more popular Ambassador of Good Will.



EDEN & FRIEND

Reprisal Present. People who like underdogs were pleased last week when China's hard-pressed Government, hiding out in the hinterland, was granted a \$25,000,000 credit by the rich and powerful Government of the U. S. An upsurge of hopes swept through China's mountain capital of Chungking, the more so as the British Government is now considering a similar small credit. But to the Japanese, the U. S. Christmas present to China was a painful and disillusioning blow, an obvious reprisal for Japan's maneuvers to shut white businessmen out of China and slam the "Open Door." Hardest hit was Japan's new Ambassador to the U. S., Kensuke Horinouchi, who had just said, arriving in Seattle, that there would be peace between Japan and the U. S. for "generations to come" and that U.S.-Japanese trade was "heaven-made."



HORINOUCI

Insult. Advance copies of a speech by British Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain at a foreign correspondents' dinner last week went to all correspondents. When the Germans read their copies, they rushed to the German Ambassador Herbert von Dirksen, who was to be a guest at the dinner, together with 35 other Germans. When Chamberlain made his speech, not a German was present. Ambassador von Dirksen had not even sent regrets. Clue

to this amazing behavior was a mild rebuke by Chamberlain to the German press for its "vituperation against our most respected statesman, himself only recently the Prime Minister of this country [Stanley Baldwin]." The German press had called Baldwin a "guttersnipe." Chamberlain went on to say that all his life he had been a "party man" and as such "I find it difficult to rouse much excitement over different systems of government. . . . To me," he said, "the subordination of individual independence to something which is called the State, but which really means only those who for the time being rule the State, is insupportable. . . ." These temperate remarks impressed the Nazis as an intolerable, scaring insult.



VON DIRKSEN

Comes the Revolution. Near Mexico City on Dec. 12, Leon Trotsky, co-creator of Soviet Russia and the greatest living authority on revolution, observed to an American interviewer: "Capitalism has reached its zenith in America and has exhausted itself. . . . Look at your unemployed. No form of society can continue long that permits such conditions to exist. You will have a revolution, a terrible revolution. What course it takes will depend much on what Mr. Rockefeller tells Mr. Hague to do. Mr. Rockefeller is a symbol of the American ruling class and Mr. Hague is a symbol of its political tools."



TROTSKY

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

The crowded Clock Room of France's Foreign Office was dead silent at 3:42 p.m., Dec. 6, when Joachim von Ribbentrop, Foreign Minister of Germany (*seated, left*), and Georges Bonnet, Foreign Minister of France, signed their names simultaneously in two identical red morocco-bound copies of a treaty of good-neighborliness between Germany and France. The German brought a flatteringly big delegation to Paris. From left to right in the audience are Ribbentrop's aide-de-camp Gottfrietsen, German Ambassador to France von Welczeck, German diplomatic lawyer Bruckelmeyer, French Protocol Vice Chief Carré (*eye-glasses*), chief German diplomatic lawyer Gauss, Ribbentrop's special diplomatic lawyer Hewel (*under clock*), German diplomatic lawyer Brauer, famed Interpreter Otto Schmidt, a French employe, French Ambassador to Loyalist Spain Jules Henry, French Director of Protocol Loze. The statue represents Peace and Abundance. Still without a word being spoken, Ribbentrop and Bonnet rose and left together for a long talk.



Germany and France sign a promise to be "Good Neighbors"

"CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR, WHEN IT COMES IT BRINGS GOOD CHEER"



In Santa Claus, Ind., a school for Santa Clauses offered courses in make-up, showmanship, salesmanship, psychology. Here you see a demonstration session in chimney-sliding down.

Christmas in the U. S. is like Christmas nowhere else in the world. In the Latin countries it is essentially a religious festival: the Mass of Christ. In England and Scandinavia it is a time of evergreen trees, yule logs and holly. Non-Christian Japan hails it as a season of booming trade. Only in America are the religious, sentimental and commercial moods blended into one extravagant holiday carnival lasting no mere weekend, nor a week, but a month. It is the golden, turbulent, back-breaking climax of the year for retail merchants, perquirers, poultry handlers, press agents, liquor dealers and gag artists. This year it began the day after Thanksgiving. It will end Jan. 2, 1939.

On these pages you see a few phenomena of Christmas, 1938. Some are pure screwball (right). Some are impressive like the pageant, "Christmas at Bracebridge Hall" (below). Staged each Christmas night in the raftered dining hall at The Ahwahnee hotel, Yosemite National Park, it re-enacts a baronial Christmas feast described by Washington Irving. The menu: boar's head, wassail, peacock pie.



In Los Angeles, Dec. 8, the thermometer hit an all-time December high of 92°, brought Christmas shoppers out in shorts while Salvation Army lassies perspired by their pots.

"SQUIRE BRACEBRIDGE" ACCEPTS THE FISH COURSE IN THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL BRACEBRIDGE PAGEANT STAGED AT YOSEMITE'S AHWAHNEE HOTEL. GUESTS SIT IN FOREGROUND





In Chicago, the Advertising Managers Club, whose members had been thinking about Christmas since June, celebrated the end of their labors with a "Shudder Show" party on Dec. 6. Feature of fun was the funeral of Santa Claus, who came in a coffin, was happily laid away till next June.



In New York, musical circles chuckled at the Christmas card of famed Wagnerian tenor Lauritz Melchior. It portrayed an intimate domestic scene showing Melchior and wife in bed, greeting a Santa Claus impersonated by Mrs. Melchior's mother. Signature: "Mutti—Kleinchen—Lauritz."



In Topeka, Kan., on Dec. 17, mute members of the First Church of the Deaf held their annual Christmas holiday service. Here a male chorus rehearses the hymn *Silent Night*. Reading from left to right the hand-symbols are: Silent-Night-Holy-Night-All-Calm-All-Bright-Round-Yon.

Hollywood offers "A Christmas Carol"



A Dickensian Christmas is pictured in the movie version of *A Christmas Carol* which was released this month by M-G-M. Above you see the ghost of Marley, as played by Leo G. Carroll, appearing at Scrooge's home on Christmas Eve, warning his former partner that the life after death of a penny-pincher is not a pleasant one. Below, the reformed Scrooge, acted by Reginald Owen, arrives at the Cratchit home Christmas morning with an armload of gifts. Standing at left of door is Tiny Tim (Terry Kilburn).



HEAD OF OLD DRUG FIRM COMMITTS SUICIDE AFTER FANTASTIC 15-YEAR HOAX



F. Donald Coster, president of McKesson & Robbins drug corporation, was known in financial circles till Dec. 15 as an able, respected executive.



His birthplace, according to Coster's impressive biography in *Who's Who*, was Washington, D. C. A birth certificate filed in Washington in 1935 gives the address as 125 A Street, N. E., now site of Supreme Court Building. The year: 1884.

Coster's home was a handsome 18-room stucco structure in Fairfield, Conn. Here he lived quietly for over twelve years. He attended the local Methodist Church.



His yacht was the palatial, 133-ft., \$350,000 *Carolita*. On his yacht Coster entertained the small circle of acquaintances whom he admitted to friendship. People in Fairfield knew very little of Coster, though he was a director of the local bank and founder of Bridgeport's cardiac clinic for the poor.



The New York Yacht Club was one of his many clubs. Others: Bankers, Lotos, Advertising (all of New York).



THE STORY OF PHILIP MUSICA



Boyhood home of Philip Musica was Manhattan's lower East Side. He was born in Naples in 1877, son of Antonio Musica, a barber. His family came to the U. S. in 1883. His father opened a barber shop, then began importing cheeses and Italian delicacies.



Philip Musica at 32 ran afoul of the law by bribing customs officials to sign false invoices on his father's importations. Ambitious, avaricious, he won his family prosperity, a fine home in Brooklyn, but got himself sentenced to a year's term in Auburn Prison.



President Taft pardoned Musica after he had served six months.

Captured in New Orleans as they were boarding a ship for Honduras, the slippery Musica family was herded back to New York. With them they had \$80,000 in cash, quantities of jewelry. Musica's aged father, Antonio, tried to kill himself, declared he was disgraced. Philip accepted full blame for larceny.

Mother and Louise Musica thought their troubles were over on March 28, 1916. After three years under bail, Philip went free with a suspended sentence.

The murder of a poultryman named Baff involved Musica as stool pigeon. In 1920 he vanished, later emerged as Coster.





His education, he said, came from the University of Heidelberg. In *Who's Who*, Coster claimed two Heidelberg degrees, a Ph.D. in 1909, an M.D. in 1911. Returning to America he allegedly practiced medicine in New York between 1912 and 1914.



His wife was the former Carol Jenkins Schiefflin of Jamaica, L. I. She married him in 1921, knew nothing of his past.



The home office of McKesson & Robbins in Bridgeport, Conn., was only one unit of the vast \$145,000,000 business that Coster's executive genius built out of the 100-year-old drug firm between 1926 and 1938.

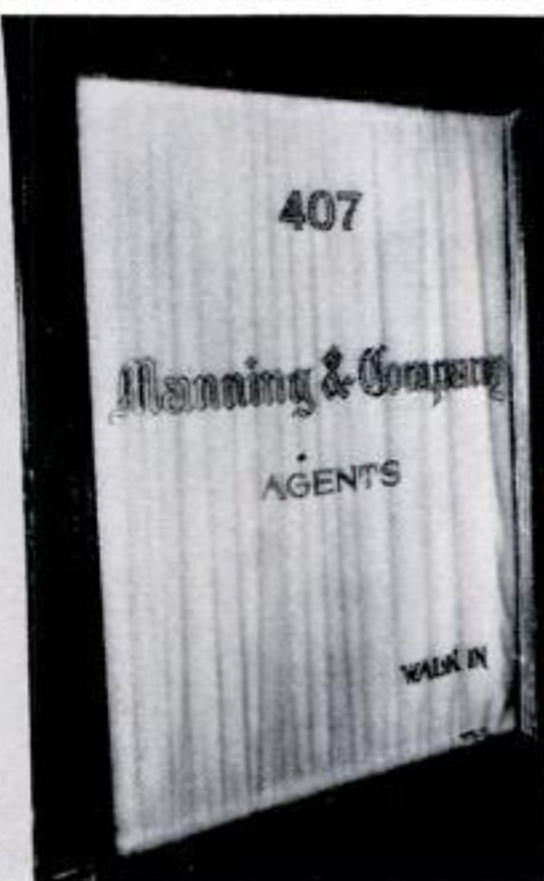
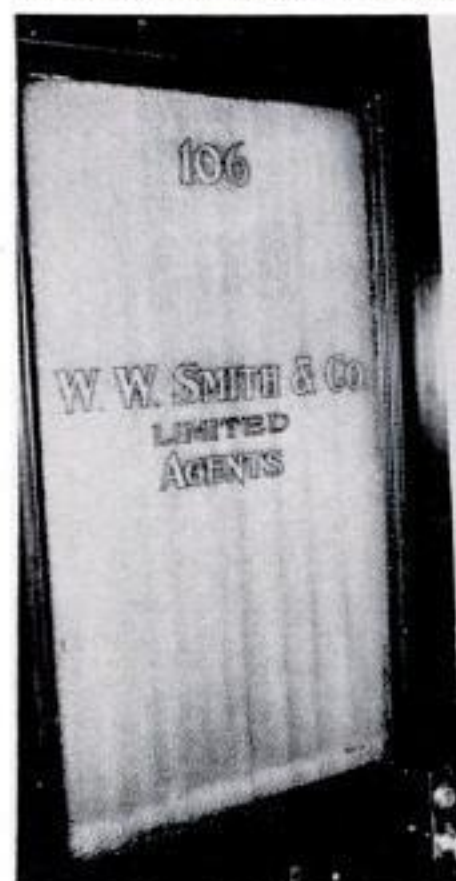
Julian Thompson, treasurer of McKesson & Robbins, was first to suspect Coster's integrity.

Montreal agencies proved to be dummies, designed to hide the non-existence of \$10,000,000 listed assets. Canadian warehouses, thought to contain crude drug stocks, were "absolutely phoney."

J. O. Jenkins, Coster's brother-in-law, admitted handling dummy brokerage accounts.

Bubble bursts on Dec. 9 when papers revealed McKesson & Robbins to be over \$10,000,000 in the red.

Coster's fingerprints disclosed him to be Philip Musica, an ex-convict.



McKesson Drug Assets Short By \$10,000,000

Reorganization Petition Admits Overstatement on Stock of Crude Drugs; S.E.C. Takes Role in Case

McKesson & Robbins, Inc., filed a petition yesterday to reorganize under Section 10 of the Chandler act, the new Federal bankruptcy procedure, admitting that assets of the company had been overstated by at least \$10,000,000. The petition was filed pursuant to a resolution adopted by directors of the com-

Name F. DONALD COSTER (Please type or print plainly)	
Alias	
No. 862	Color White
1. Thumb	2. Index Finger
3. Thumb	4. Index Finger



Front Street was the scene of Musica's next venture. He founded the United States Hair Co., made big money selling false hair for lofty female coiffures. His firm's stock sold well on the Curb. Banks advanced him credit on easy terms.

George Musica, Philip's brother, changed name to George Dietrich, became McKesson's assistant treasurer.

Arthur Musica, another brother, changed his name to George Vernard, became agent for the fictitious Montreal purchasing branch.



A substantial citizen, Musica patronized opera, dined with Wall Street executives, and influenced local Italian organizations.

Musica's motto stood on the library table in the Fairfield house where "Mr. F. Donald Coster" killed himself on Dec. 16.

HAIR FIRM GONE; \$500,000 MISSING

Detective Burns on Hunt for Four Members of Musica Family.

MANY BANKS ANXIOUS

Bills of Lading Involving Big Loans Found to Have Been Forged.

ONE PARTNER ONCE IN JAIL

Many Foreign Banks Involved — \$134,687 Attachment Here — Daughters Gone Too.

Private detectives employed by several New York banks have been trying



The Musicas' Brooklyn home was stripped of its linens and silver. In the stable police found a cache of valuable hair.

End of the story was a single bullet fired into Coster's right ear as he stood in the bathtub in his Fairfield home. He lived for an hour without regaining consciousness. Here he is carried from the house.

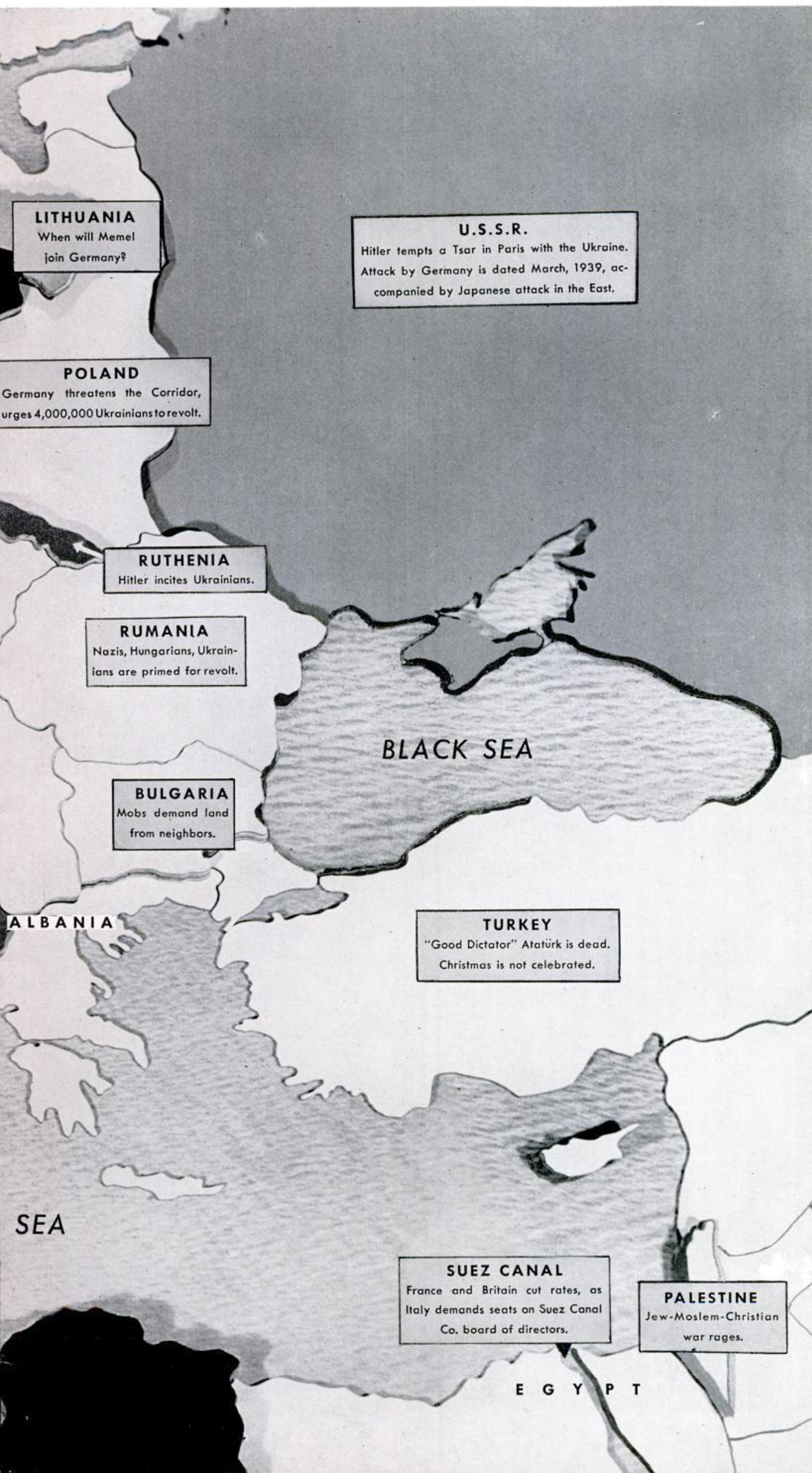


When you get into a tight place, and everything goes against you, till it seems as if you couldn't hold on a minute longer, never give up then, for that is just the place and time the tide will turn.

— Harriet Beecher Stowe







EUROPE

CHRISTMAS 1938

No herald angel sings for Europe on Christmas, 1938. Instead, a hundred fears, hatreds, jealousies, ambitions, prides, lusts and despairs are shaking the old capitals of modern civilization. The chief of these are picked out on the map at left. Looking at Europe's pox of Trouble, the cynical may well conclude that the sooner that continent tears itself apart in War, the better for the world.

The black shadow down the middle of the map will certainly be the source of most of 1939's Troubles. Here are the Fascist Powers—Germany and Italy—that tell their peoples they are the bravest, purest, ablest, happiest, healthiest, handsomest peoples on earth. The boastful dictators of these two countries, to maintain the pace and action that keep them in power, are making whopping promises to their people—promises they must sooner or later go to war to fulfill.

Current preparation for the Fascists' next move forward includes an amazing series of treaties of friendship. Germany has lately given signed promises of peace to Britain and to France (*see p. 15*). Italy has signed the peace with Britain. Thus Britain, sitting on its isle in its "silver sea," is supposed to worry only about its raveled "lifeline" across the world's seas. Actually, though it has supposedly abandoned eastern Europe to Germany, it is prepared to fight German trade in that area with a Government "fighting fund" of \$50,000,000 plus a subsidy fund of \$375,000,000. Crowed President of the British Board of Trade Oliver Stanley in the words of an old song, "We don't want to fight but, by jingo, if we do, we've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money, too."

Democracies rarely talk big. But last week France was the butt of an Italian campaign for French property, especially Tunisia, Corsica and control of the Suez Canal. "We will fight," said the French Foreign Minister. On France's flank remained the Italian troops with the Spanish Rebels, moving toward a big Christmas offensive. The Rebels last week offered the Loyalists peace for surrender.

The general result of all these maneuvers is to leave Germany more or less free in eastern Europe, though such "Germanic" nations as Denmark and Switzerland feel sure they are next on Hitler's program. In eastern Europe any troublemaker's job is easy, because there simmer countless ancient quarrels with just enough justice on one side or the other to provide a pretext for outside interference. Hitler has his choice of the Hungarians' quarrel with all their other neighbors, notably Rumania, or of the Ukrainians' quarrel with all their rulers—Poland, Czechoslovakia, Rumania and the U.S.S.R. He may also use German minorities in Poland, Lithuania, Hungary, Rumania, Denmark, Switzerland, Belgium, or Yugoslavia, to detonate the powder kegs of Europe. Two favorite guesses as to Hitler's next victim: Poland or Rumania.

The peoples of Europe have really very little to say about what happens. Germany and Italy are not the only tyrannies on the continent. Other dictatorships, hard or soft, are: Portugal, Rebel Spain, Loyalist Spain, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Hungary, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Albania, Bulgaria, Greece, Turkey, Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia and the U.S.S.R.

CALIFORNIA CHALLENGES EAST ON PLAY CLOTHES

In a recent issue of *Women's Wear*, bible of the ready-to-wear industry, Mrs. J. McGilley, manager of the Galeries Lafayette in London, made headlines because on her December trip to the U. S. to buy play and beach clothes she included California. This is the first time an important European buyer has placed sizable orders with Californian manufacturers.

But the West Coast is not surprised. For the past four years California play clothes have been gaining favor. (Estimated total sales now amount to \$25,000,000.) This winter they will be seen not only on the warm beaches of American resorts, but on the playgrounds of southern Europe. By

next summer they may well become the most important fashion influence in sport and beach wear. One reason for their success is that they are based on the clothes popular in the Southwest where the people live in play clothes.

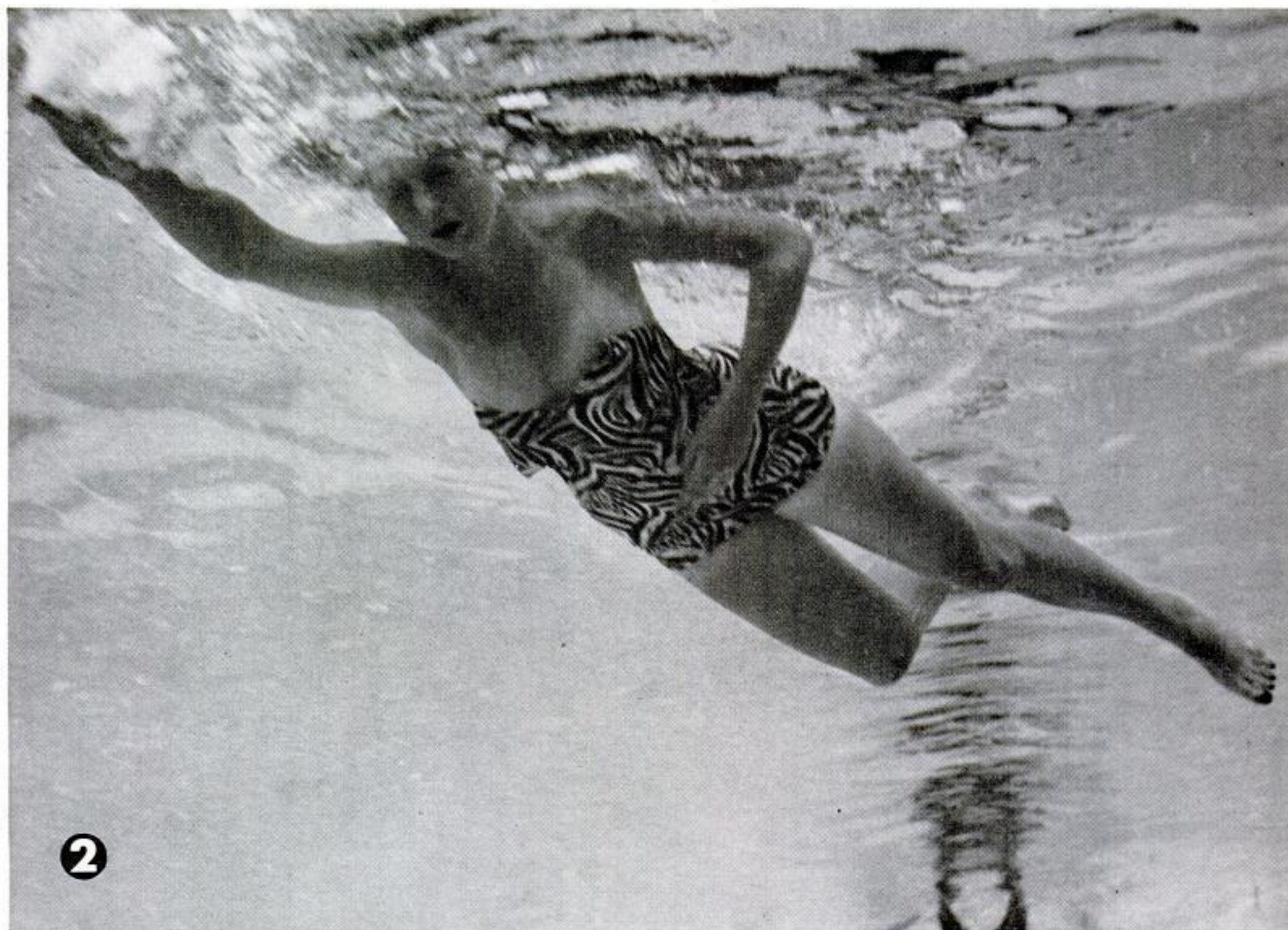
Half of the outfits on these pages, photographed at El Mirador Hotel, Palm Springs, Calif., are Western, half Eastern. Western designers like Marjorie Montgomery, Connie Foster and Mabs Barnes, favor bright colors and clean lines (*pictures 2, 3, 5, 7, 9*). The Eastern designers this year favor fussy femininity (*pictures 1, 4, 6, 8, 10*). Notable among the Eastern offerings are the Victorian bathing suits designed by Brigrance.



ROMPER-PLAYSUIT (\$8.95) IS NEW



MINUS SKIRT, SHE'S A BABY SNOOKS



SWIMMER ABOVE DEMONSTRATES STRAPLESS LASTEX BATHING SUIT IN ACTION. THIS "ZEBRETTE" COSTS \$11.95

Striped awning cloth is used for the coat, natural linen for the blouse and slacks of this three-piece suit which costs \$20.



Bloomers and stripes make this rayon-taffeta suit look like a Gay Nineties number. Lining holds up bloomer legs. Cost: \$15.



Wool slack mates cost \$40 for women, \$45 for men, are similar two-piece outfits modeled like workmen's clothes.





6 LIKE AN INTIMATE GARMENT OF YESTERYEAR IS THIS \$15 SUIT WITH EYELET EMBROIDERY

Square neck, small bows, shirred skirt give an 1890 flavor to this modern suit. Tiny bloomers underneath. Costs \$7.75.



7 THIS SUIT FOR FISHING IS MADE OF SAIL CLOTH WITH GREEN BLOUSE, COSTS \$59

Striped madras shirting makes this two-piece play suit which retails for \$8.95. Stripes are great favorites in the new clothes.

Can-can bathing suit, with plenty of ruffles, consists of three pieces, a jacket, a bra top, brief pants. This outfit costs \$12.75.



8



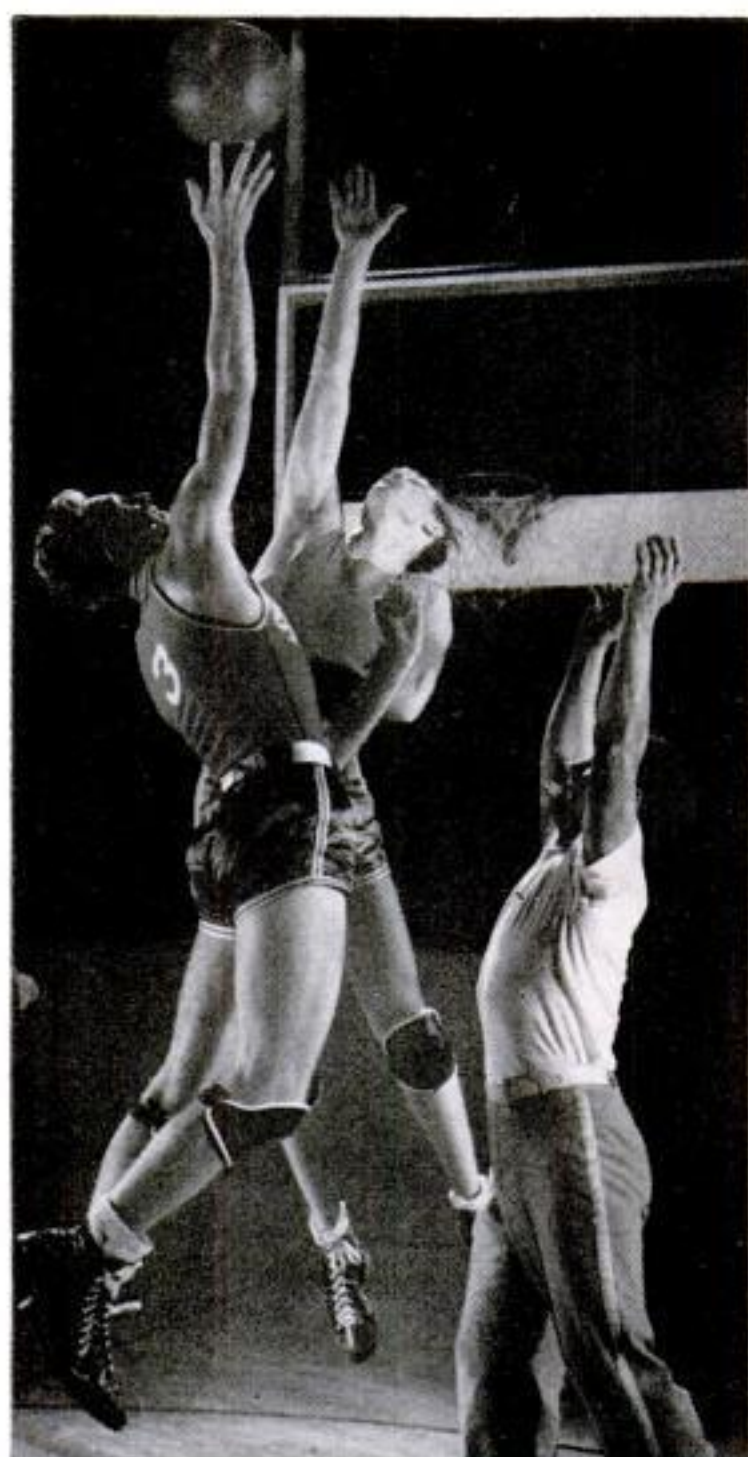
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10

BASKETBALL

MOST POPULAR U. S. WINTER GAME GETS HISTORIC PIVOT PLAY BACK



PLAY STARTS WITH A JUMP BALL

"These are the best basketball pictures I have ever seen," said Ned Irish, No. 1 U. S. basketball director, when he was shown Gjon Mili's action pictures on these two pages. Taken with Mili's big camera and his new system of flashlights, they show the St. John's team of Brooklyn practicing a basic pivot play. With a squad of big, fast juniors, St. John's is a good metropolitan basketball team, powerful enough to beat many of the strong Midwestern colleges.

With 20,000,000 customers paying \$8,000,000 in admissions, basketball remains the most popular of U. S. winter sports. The 1939 season began slowly the first week of December, will reach an early season peak between Christmas and New Year's. Then touring college teams play games almost every night, start thinking about national rankings. Last year it was Purdue, Stanford, Temple that sat atop the basketball world, brought fame to Hank Luisetti of Stanford, to Don Shields of Temple, to Jewell Young of Purdue. This year experts think highly of Temple in the East, Kansas in the Midwest, Oregon on the Coast. The player of the year may well be Sindat-Singh, Negro footballer from Syracuse.

Whatever happens, 1939 basketball will certainly show a new and more exciting use of the historic pivot play. With one man standing in the free throw circle, back to the basket, ready to pass the ball to any teammate breaking free, the pivot play was long basketball's most sensational trick. Last year, under pressure, it was forbidden by the rules. An immediate result was a slowing-up of scoring. Soon spectators began demanding a return of the pivot. So today, because spectators always get what they want, the pivot play is once more legal. In these pictures St. John's shows how it should be used.



The pivot play starts with St. John's guard, Bill McKeever, waiting near the center of the free throw circle for a fast bounce pass from Forward Joe Krajcovic (No. 7) who has dribbled the ball (small



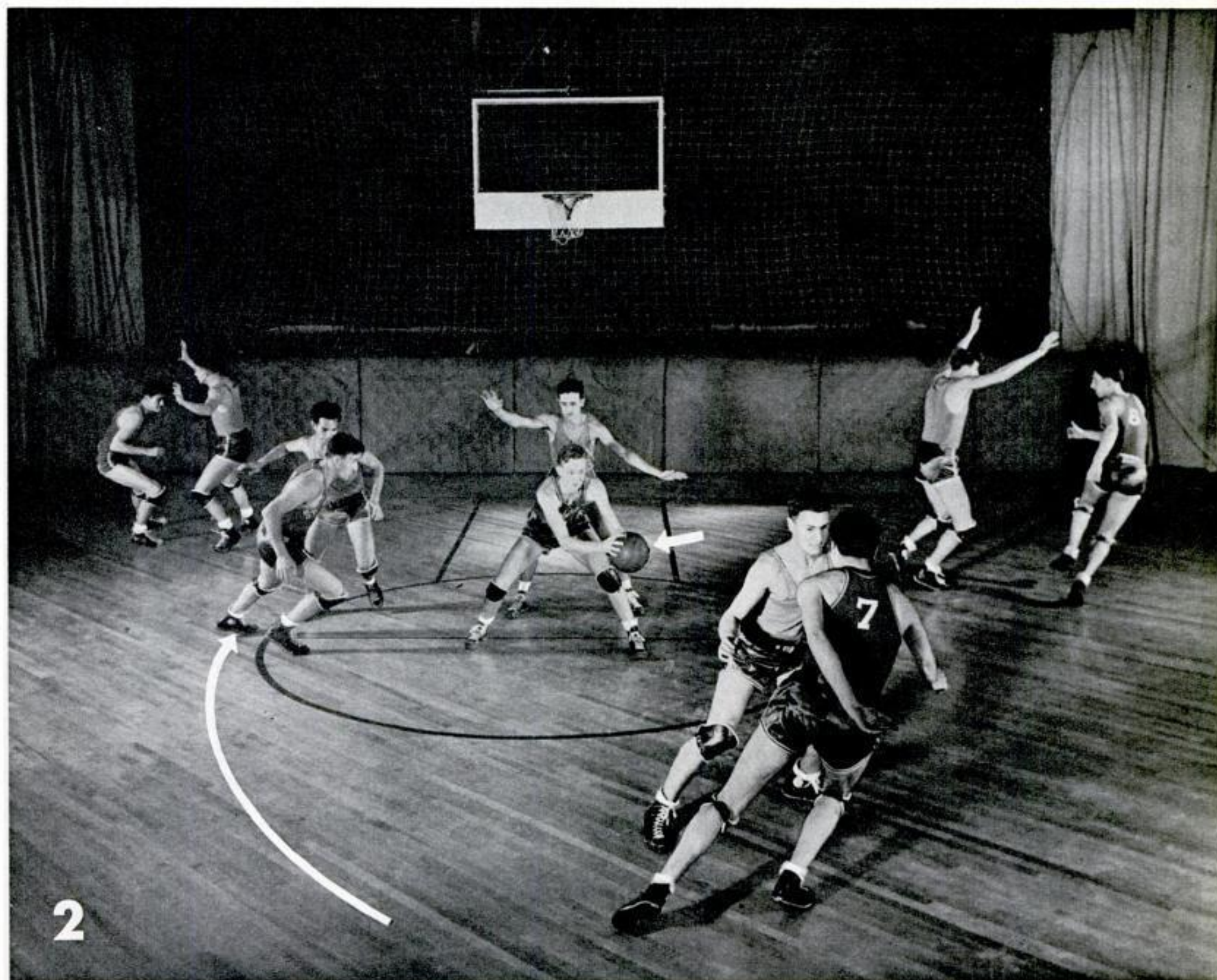
Pivot man passes the ball to No. 14, who has shaken off his guard. Now the guards must shift. The man who was guarding No. 14 takes the pivot and the man who had the

pivot switches to No. 14. The play has now developed into a duel between two attackers and two defenders. The rest of the offensive side is being held back by effective guarding.

The pivot man cuts fast around his guard to reach a position under the basket, where he is ready to take a scoring shot. No. 14, meanwhile, has drifted off to the right, drawing his guard with him.



arrow) all the way down the floor. Simultaneously Guard Jack Garfinkel (No. 14) cuts straight down the floor (long arrow) trying to draw the man guarding him out of the play toward the sidelines.

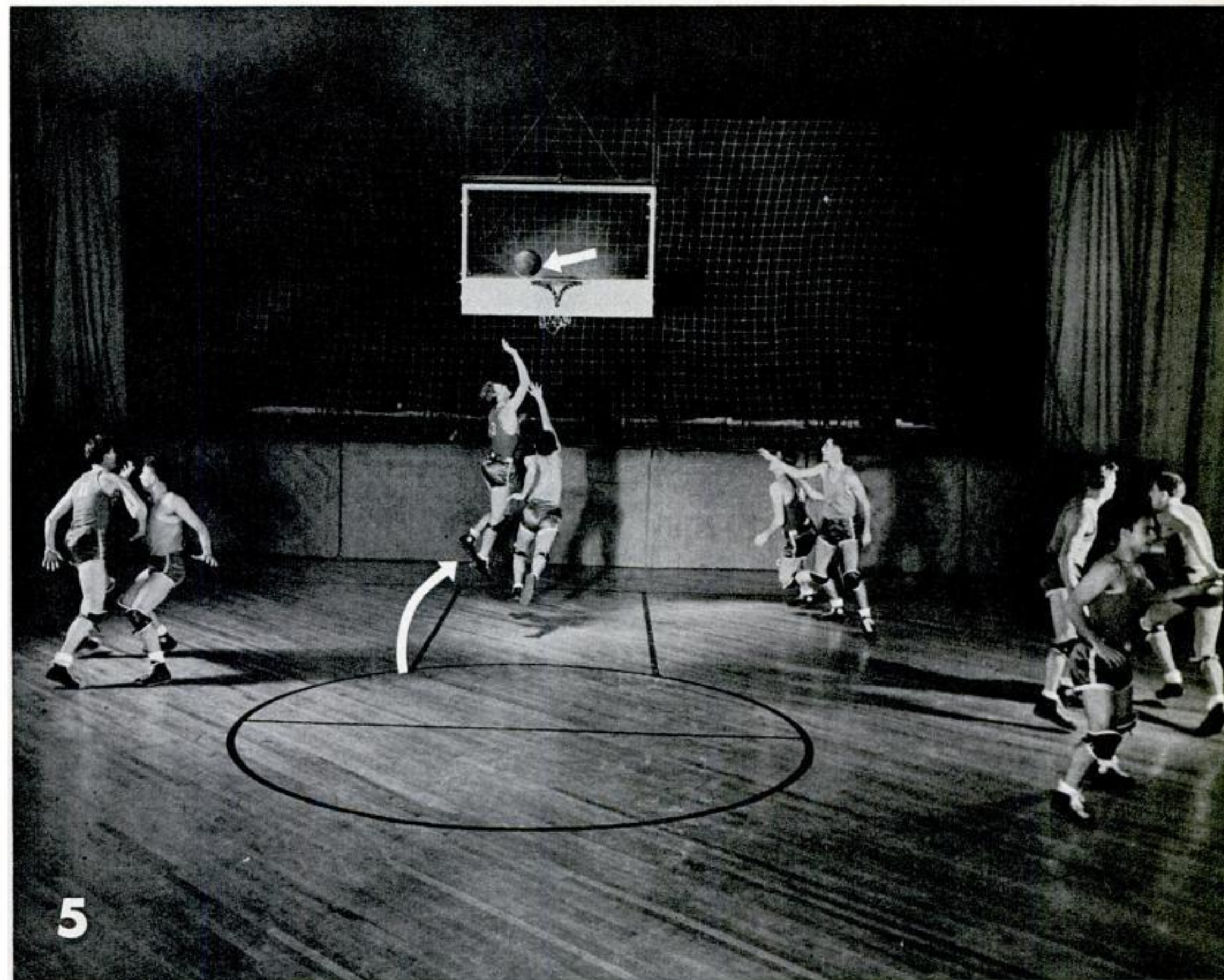


As ball reaches pivot man, Krajcovic (No. 7) moves to right to eliminate his man from play. Garfinkel (No. 14) wheels, starts to cut across in front of the pivot man. He will cut

very close, force his guard to go behind the pivot. Pick-off screens like this are legal. Successful pivot plays depend on the offense getting at least a one-foot jump on the defense.



From there he makes a right overhand pass to the pivot man. The trick here is the speed with which the pivot man swings around and eludes his guard. He must be ready to swing to right or left.



The pivot man scores with a one-handed, under-the-basket shot. His guard, left far behind, jumps fruitlessly after the ball. To the right, Garfinkel (No. 14) covers up, ready to

catch the ball on the rebound. In addition to short pass plays like this, St. John's uses many quick breaks and long passes, which resemble the game played in the Midwest.





BOAR HUNT

One of the ugliest, strongest, and fiercest of animals is the Prussian wild boar. In all the forests of the world, there are few beasts more dangerous to hunt, none more likely to charge the hunter. This remarkable picture shows the kill of such a boar in the Unaka Mountains of Tennessee. For three long hours the beast was trailed by Chattanooga hunters before he was finally brought to bay in a dense thicket. Again and again he charged dogs and hunters, but when this picture was taken he had at last grown weak, was bleeding badly from the bites of the dogs. A moment later a bullet crashed into his brain.

The boars of Tennessee are not wild razorbacks, but are descendants of several 400-lb. boars brought to North Carolina from the Hartz Mountains in 1912. They migrated over the mountains into Tennessee, interbred with wild domestic hogs. The result has been an animal just as ferocious as the Prussian boar and as fast as the razorback. The open hunting season on them extends from Oct. 31 to Dec. 28. The prize head above is hung on the wall of a drugstore.



A boar has 6-in. tusks to gore dogs and men. When above picture was made, this one was already dead. The dog used for boar hunting is a kind of Airedale called a Platt hound.



THE BOYHOOD OF JESUS

*Portraying Christ as if He were born and raised in New England,
a devout artist proves that His life is timeless and universal*

Out of her deep desire to bring home the beauty of Christ and His teaching to the modern world, Lauren Ford has created the two etchings on this page. Here in the familiar setting of her farm near Bethlehem, Connecticut, among barns and silos, pumps and rail fences, she has depicted the birth of Jesus. And far from sacrificing any of its majesty, she has brought new truth and universality to the immortal story.



On the following pages are eight scenes from Lauren Ford's life of Christ in paintings, soon to be published by Dodd, Mead & Co. Here again she tells the story in a New England setting. By painting the Holy Family as if they were country neighbors, Miss Ford follows the old masters who portrayed the Son of God as if He lived in their own towns and times. Her paintings are supplemented by text from Matthew and Luke.



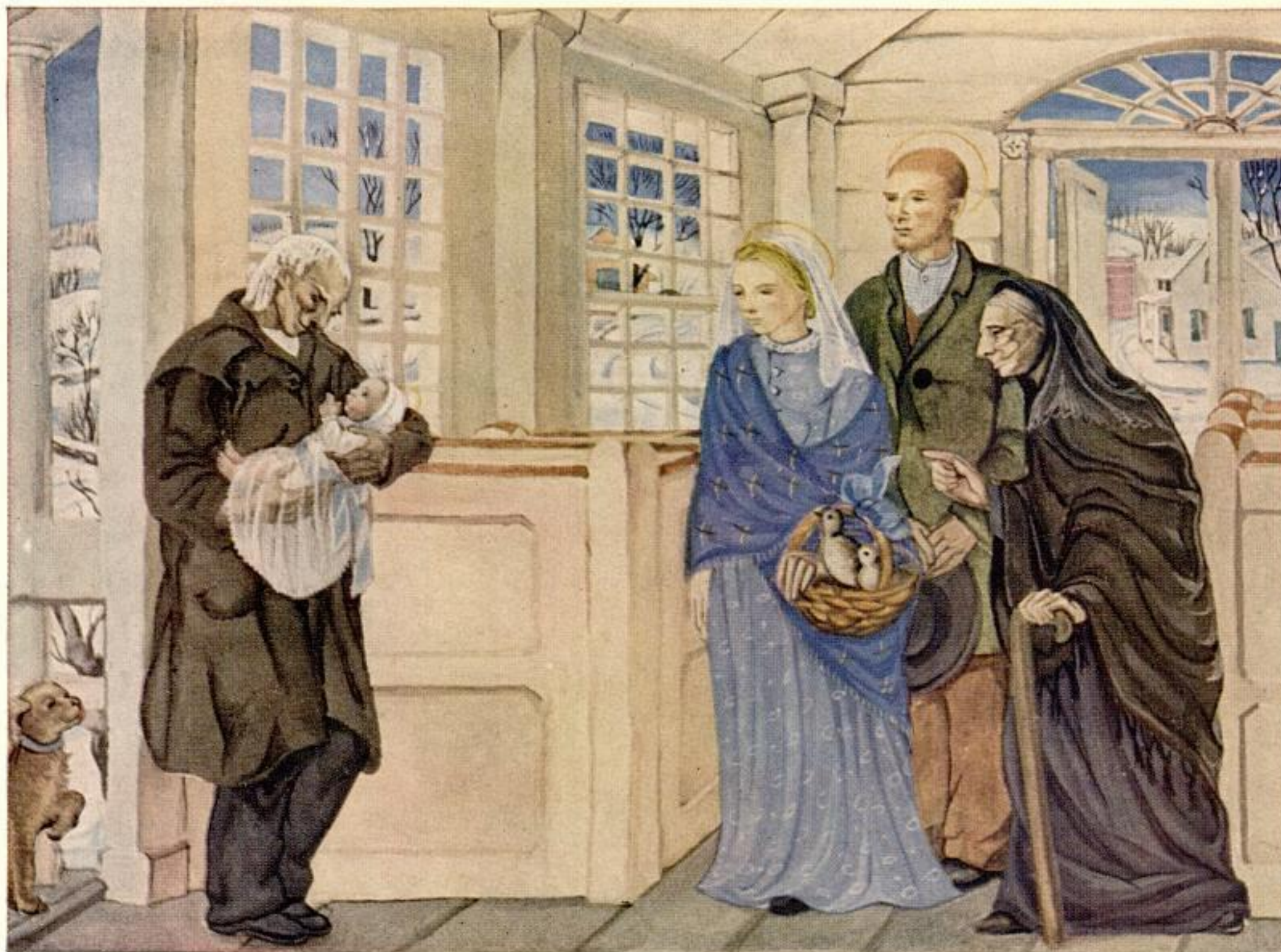
The angel Gabriel was sent from God, unto a city of Galilee, named Nazareth, to a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the House of David; and the virgin's name was Mary. And the angel said unto her, Blessed art thou among women. Fear not, Mary, for behold thou shalt bring forth a

son, and shalt call his name Jesus. He shall be great and shall be called the Son of the Highest: and the Lord God shall give unto him the Throne of his father, David. And he shall reign over the house of Jacob forever, and of his kingdom there shall be no end.



And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed. And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judaea, unto the city of David, which is

called Bethlehem to be taxed with Mary, his wife. And so it was, that, while they were there the days were accomplished that she would be delivered. And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.



His name was called Jesus, and they brought him to Jerusalem, to present him to the Lord. And, behold, there was a man in Jerusalem, whose name was Simeon. And it was revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost, that he should not see death, before he had seen the Lord's Christ. And he came by

the Spirit into the temple. Then took he him up in his arms, and blessed God, and said, Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word. And Simeon blessed them. And when they had performed all things according to the law of the Lord, they returned to Galilee.



Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judaea, in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him. And lo, the star, which they saw in the east,

went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was. And when they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh.



And when the wise men were departed, behold, the angel of the Lord appeareth to Joseph in a dream, saying, Arise and take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word: for Herod will seek the young child, to destroy him. When he arose, he

took the young child and his mother by night, and departed into Egypt: And was there until the death of Herod, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying, Out of Egypt have I called my son. Then Herod was exceeding wroth.



But when Herod was dead, behold, the angel of the Lord appeareth in a dream to Joseph in Egypt, saying, Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and go into the land of Israel: for they are dead which sought the young child's life. And he arose, and took the young child and his mother and came

into the land of Israel and dwelt in a city called Nazareth: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophets, He shall be called a Nazarene. And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom, and the grace of God was upon him.



Now his parents went to Jerusalem every year at the feast of the passover. And when he was twelve years old, they went up to Jerusalem, after the custom of the feast. As they returned, the child Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem, and Joseph and his mother knew not of it. And when they found

him not, they turned back again to Jerusalem, seeking him. And it came to pass, that after three days they found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions. And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers.



And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man.

MOVIE OF THE WEEK:



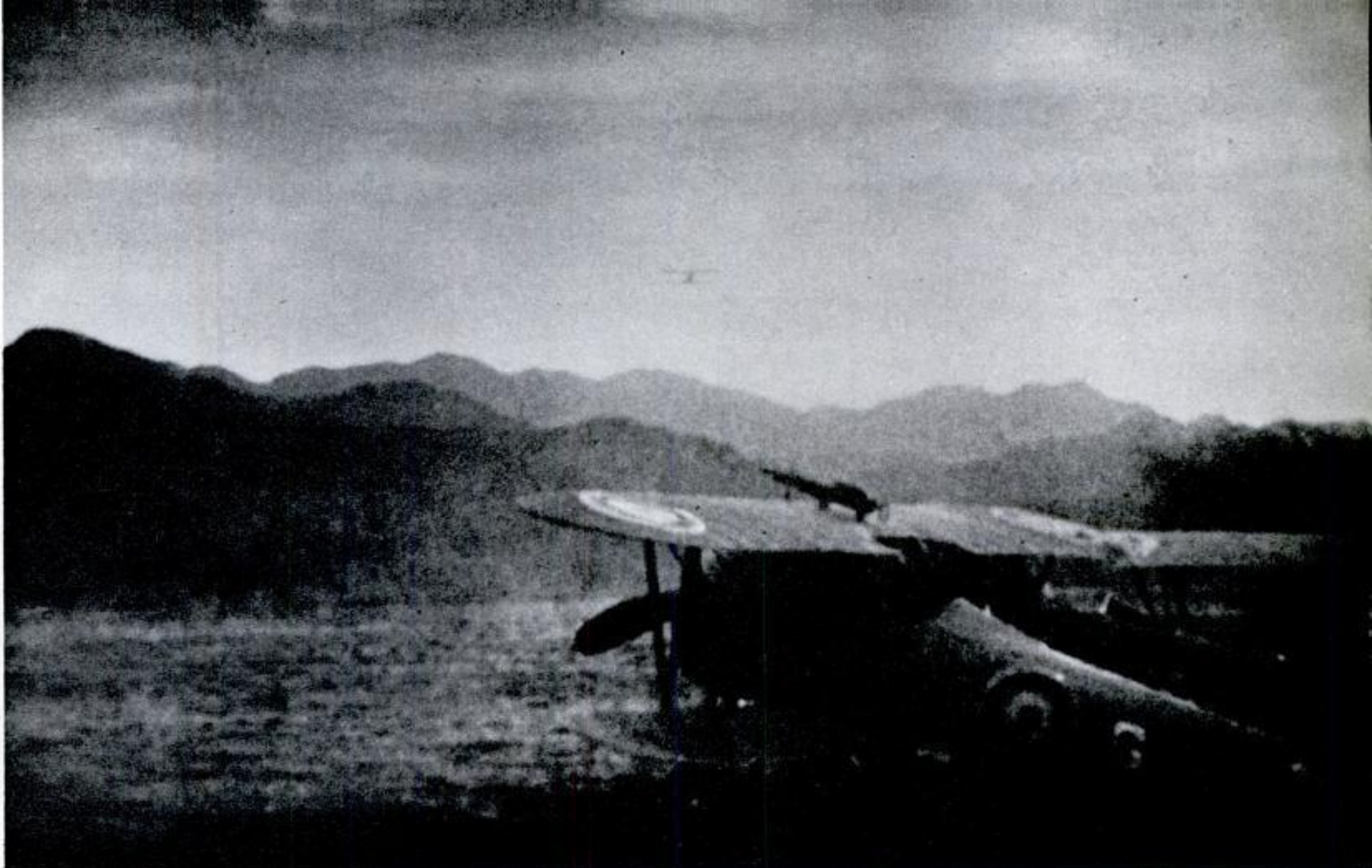
It was nine years after the World War, when passions had subsided and photography improved, before the movies discovered in aerial combat one of its most trenchant dramatic motifs. First came *Wings* in 1927, followed by *Hell's Angels* and *The Dawn Patrol*, sensational box office in 1930. Now comes a second cycle of sky war pictures, begun this year with *Men With Wings* (LIFE, Oct. 10) and culminating in Warner Bros.' current rescreening of *The Dawn Patrol*.

In each of these films, successively advanced skill in lighting, photography, sound effects and such inventions as process shots (shooting characters and action against film-projected backgrounds) have added ever tenser realism to the breathless drama of life and death in the clouds. Now, in the new *Dawn Patrol*, they reach a hitherto unattained perfection. The result is a smashing drama of suspense, so tight and fearful, so full of the dread roar of bombers, the stutter of machine guns and the death zoom of victims that the spectator goes limp with exhaustion when the last hero has been shot down in flames. It seems impossible that, for sheer nerve excitement, *Dawn Patrol* can be topped.

Dawn Patrol is the story of the 59th Squadron of the British Royal Air Force in France in 1916. Fighting against odds, Squadron Commander Basil Rathbone watches his best fliers get shot out of the air until only two dare-devil veterans, Errol Flynn and David Niven, remain. His sole satisfaction, upon being promoted, is to turn his nerve-racking job over to Flynn who has called him a "butcher." Now Flynn must send the young recruits daily to their deaths and hear himself, in turn, called a "butcher." To compensate, he takes a suicidal assignment, bombs a munitions factory behind the German lines, engages singlehanded in a duel (right) with the bravest of all German aces (patterned after Manfred von Richthofen) and loses his life. For highlights shot directly from the screen at a Hollywood preview by LIFE Photographer Peter Stackpole, turn the page.



Names of dead fliers are crossed off blackboard by Squadron Leader Flynn when the dawn patrol returns from battle.



At the crack of dawn each day a handful of pilots of the British Royal Air Force set out in flimsy "crates" for an ethereal No Man's Land over France (1916), where they do

battle with German fliers. Each day only half of them limp back. The rest, raw youngsters, fresh from the training camps, are shot down by the more experienced Germans.



Squadron leader is Errol Flynn, who cuts a swath of terror through the enemy, as his two Vickers machine guns alternately spurt death. For *Dawn Patrol*, Warner Bros. bought

eight old British Nieuports and nine other ancient ships. Some were used by Paramount for *Men With Wings*. Fifteen were cracked up. Below, German anti-aircraft snipe at Flynn.



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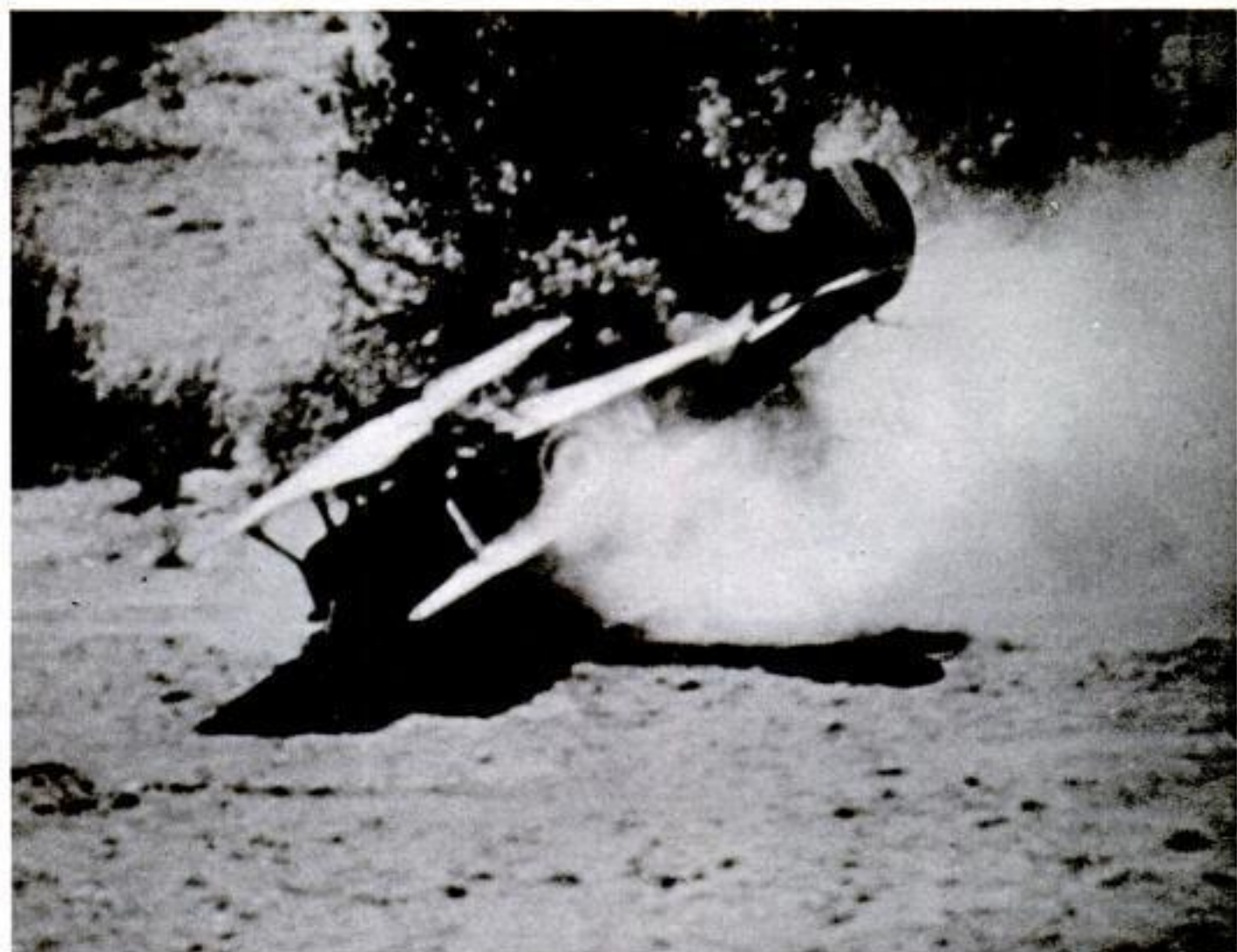
TWO BRITISH FLIERS BOMB A GERMAN AIRPORT



In answer to a taunt by German aviators, a British ace (Errol Flynn) and his buddy (David Niven) fly at daybreak behind enemy lines, rain hand grenades on the German airport.

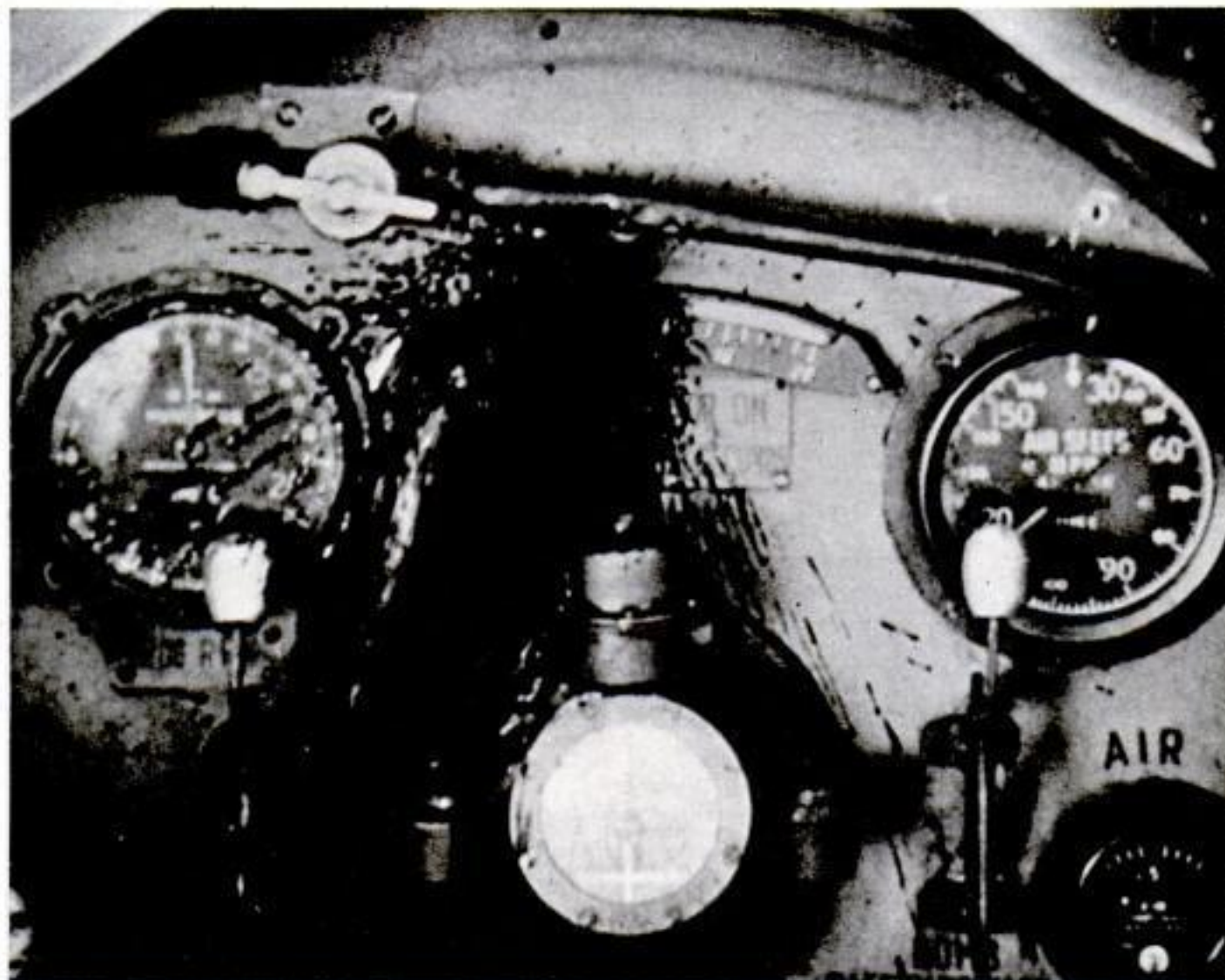


Pursuit planes are shot down by the two Englishmen before they can get far off the ground. After destroying airport, they turn back, pursued by German Ace von Richter.



Disabled by bullets, Flynn's machine cracks up in enemy territory. Niven lands, picks him up on a wing, escapes. *Dawn Patrol* used all-English cast, including Earl of Warwick.

A PUNCTURED OIL LINE CRASHES THEIR PLANE



Smack into the oil line of Niven's plane bores a German bullet. Warners rushed film for fear Niven and other British reserve officers would be recalled during September Crisis.



Squirting oil blinds Niven as his disabled plane goes into a nose dive. Flynn, clinging to a wing, tries to direct him. *Dawn Patrol* was shot on Warner Bros.' Calabasas Ranch.



After their plane has crashed upside down, the two pilots crawl out. Finding themselves uninjured and in Allied territory, they break into laughter over their miraculous escape.

A GREAT GERMAN ACE IS SHOT DOWN IN BATTLE



Terror of the skies is von Richter, ace of the German air fleet, who mows down the raw recruits of Flynn's squadron. He is modeled after German Ace Manfred von Richthofen.



Down in flames goes the plane of Niven's schoolboy brother as von Richter's spitting machine guns riddle him. Niven, in plane nearby, helplessly sees him crash and burn.



Retribution comes when Flynn kills von Richter. The real von Richthofen, credited with downing 80 Allied planes, was killed April 21, 1918, by Canadian Ace Capt. Roy Brown.

FLYNN BOMBS A GERMAN MUNITIONS FACTORY



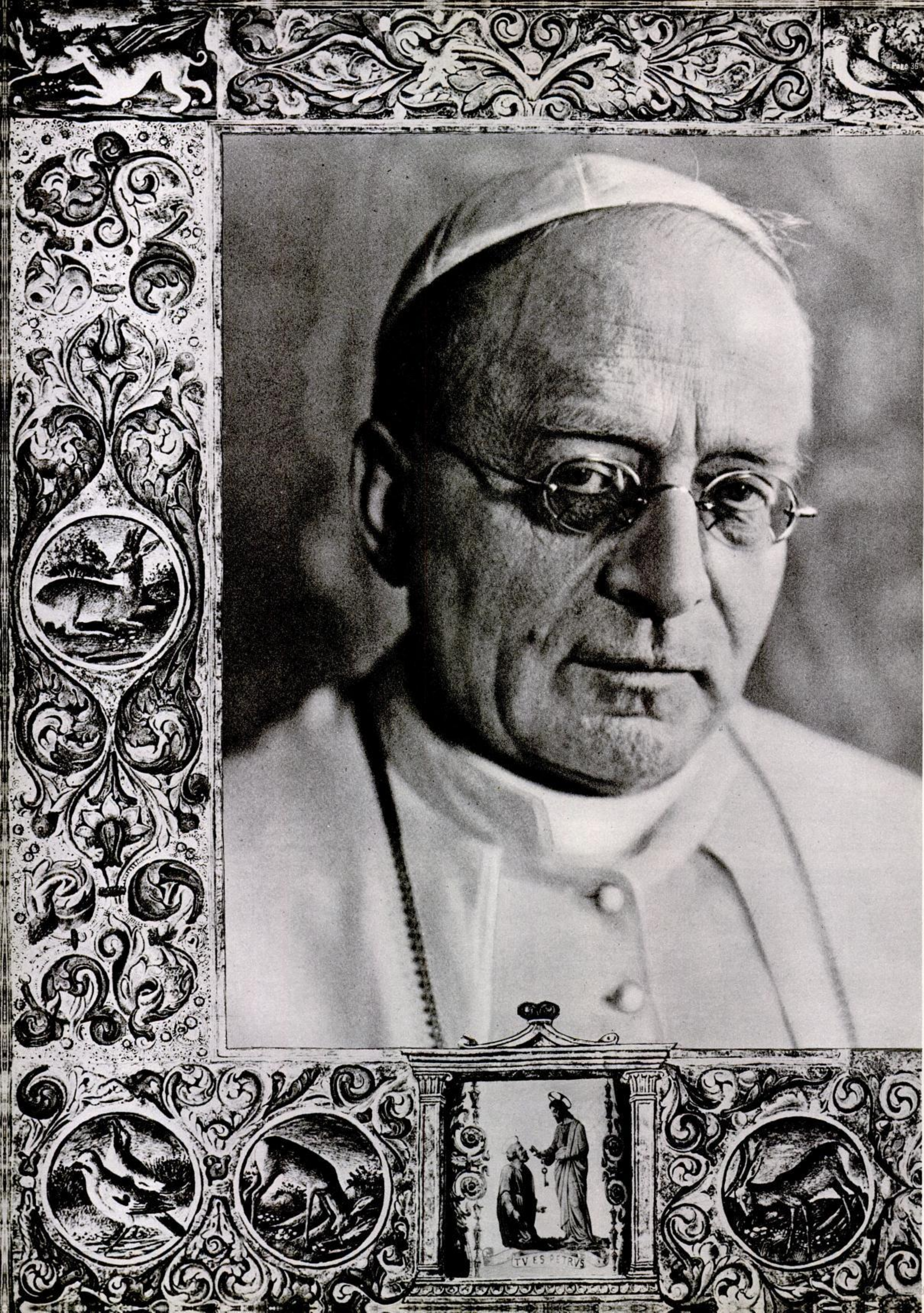
Sixty kilometers behind German lines lies an important munitions factory which Flynn's squadron is ordered to bomb. Knowing the flier assigned will not return, Flynn goes himself.



In a burst of smoke and fire the German munitions factory is destroyed by Flynn's well-aimed bombs. This is one of the most thrilling bombing sequences ever filmed by Hollywood.



Homeward bound, Flynn is pursued by a squadron of Germans headed by von Richter. His machine gun finishes off von Richter, but he, in turn, is shot to death in his cockpit.



TV ES PETRVS

THE VATICAN

FROM A ROMAN HILL THE POPE
RULES HIS TROUBLED WORLD



CARDINAL PACELLI

In strongly Catholic countries the Church now quarrels with Fascism, although it once regarded Fascism as a possible ally against another enemy, Communism. Nazi Germany, having taken Catholic Austria, now restricts Catholic activities, stones Catholic cardinals and cathedrals, threatens to confiscate church property. In Italy, Fascist insistence on taking over the training of the young brings closer and closer an open conflict between Pope and Duce. In Spain, the Church fights with Franco against the Loyalists. In Mexico and Russia, it battles Socialism and Communism. The Church, which for centuries stood out against religious freedom, paradoxically finds its strongest support today in countries where religious freedom prevails and is cherished. For aid and comfort, the Pope now looks to the great Protestant democracies.



MONSIGNOR MELLA

But for solace, the Pope can look around him at home. His own Vatican City reflects the struggles and the glory of the Church, a reminder that time has always been on the Church's side. On the Vatican Hill, the wicked Emperor Caligula built a Circus where, from time to time, Christians were martyred. Here in 67 A.D., St. Peter, the first Bishop of Rome, was crucified head down. The Circus was torn down in the 4th Century by Constantine, first Christian emperor to make way for a fabulous basilica, with a great golden cross, built to honor Peter and the Church. There Charlemagne was crowned Holy Roman Emperor in 800 A.D. A few decades later the Saracens swept in to sack the church and destroy it. Through the centuries, when the Church was hurt by its own quarrels or outside attacks, the Vatican fell into neglect or decay. But when the Church revived and from each setback moved on to new power, the Vatican took on fresh grandeur and glory.

Today the Vatican is a place of Medieval pomp and Renaissance splendor. Great artists have covered its walls and ceilings with miles of paintings and rich ornamentation, like that which surrounds the photograph of Pius XI on the opposite page. Inside its buildings, along its arched halls, march the Swiss Guards in their bright red, yellow and black uniforms (*right*) which were designed by Michelangelo. But beneath the splendor, the hard and complex work of governing the world's greatest religious empire goes on. Delicate diplomatic affairs in the "profane" world are conducted by Cardinal Pacelli, Secretary of State, who guides the papal nuncios and apostolic delegates (ambassadors and ministers) in 39 countries and who deals with the envoys sent directly to the Vatican by 35 countries. Closest personal aide to Pius XI is his influential Master of the Household, Monsignor Mella. The civil affairs of Vatican City are cared for by Governor Serafini. To him the Pope has handed over the only temporal power he now retains, the power to rule Vatican City as his own independent state.



GOVERNOR SERAFINI

To 330,000,000 people the center of the spiritual world is a tiny 109-acre state which stands on a low hill on the right bank of the River Tiber in northwest Rome. Here, in Vatican City, the Pope lives and governs his spiritual children—the vast congregation of the Holy Roman Catholic Church.

Pope Pius XI is an old man, sick and sorrowful. From the Vatican, he looks out on a troubled world, brazen with paganism and heresy which oppress the Catholic spirit, bold with persecution which bears harshly down on daily Catholic life.

But for solace, the Pope can look around him at home. His own Vatican City reflects the struggles and the glory of the Church, a reminder that time has always been on the Church's side. On the Vatican Hill, the wicked Emperor Caligula built a Circus where, from time to time, Christians were martyred. Here in 67 A.D., St. Peter, the first Bishop of Rome, was crucified head down. The Circus was torn down in the 4th Century by Constantine, first Christian emperor to make way for a fabulous basilica, with a great golden cross, built to honor Peter and the Church. There Charlemagne was crowned Holy Roman Emperor in 800 A.D. A few decades later the Saracens swept in to sack the church and destroy it. Through the centuries, when the Church was hurt by its own quarrels or outside attacks, the Vatican fell into neglect or decay. But when the Church revived and from each setback moved on to new power, the Vatican took on fresh grandeur and glory.

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CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



THE VATICAN (continued)

ST. PETER'S SQUARE

POPE'S CHAMBERS

ST. PETER'S

**SISTINE CHAPEL: HERE
CARDINALS ELECT NEW POPE**

POPE'S PALACE

SWISS GUARDS' BARRACKS

PRINTING PLANT

ART GALLERY

BELVEDERE PALACE

**OSSERVATORE ROMANO
(PAPAL DAILY)**

LIBRARY

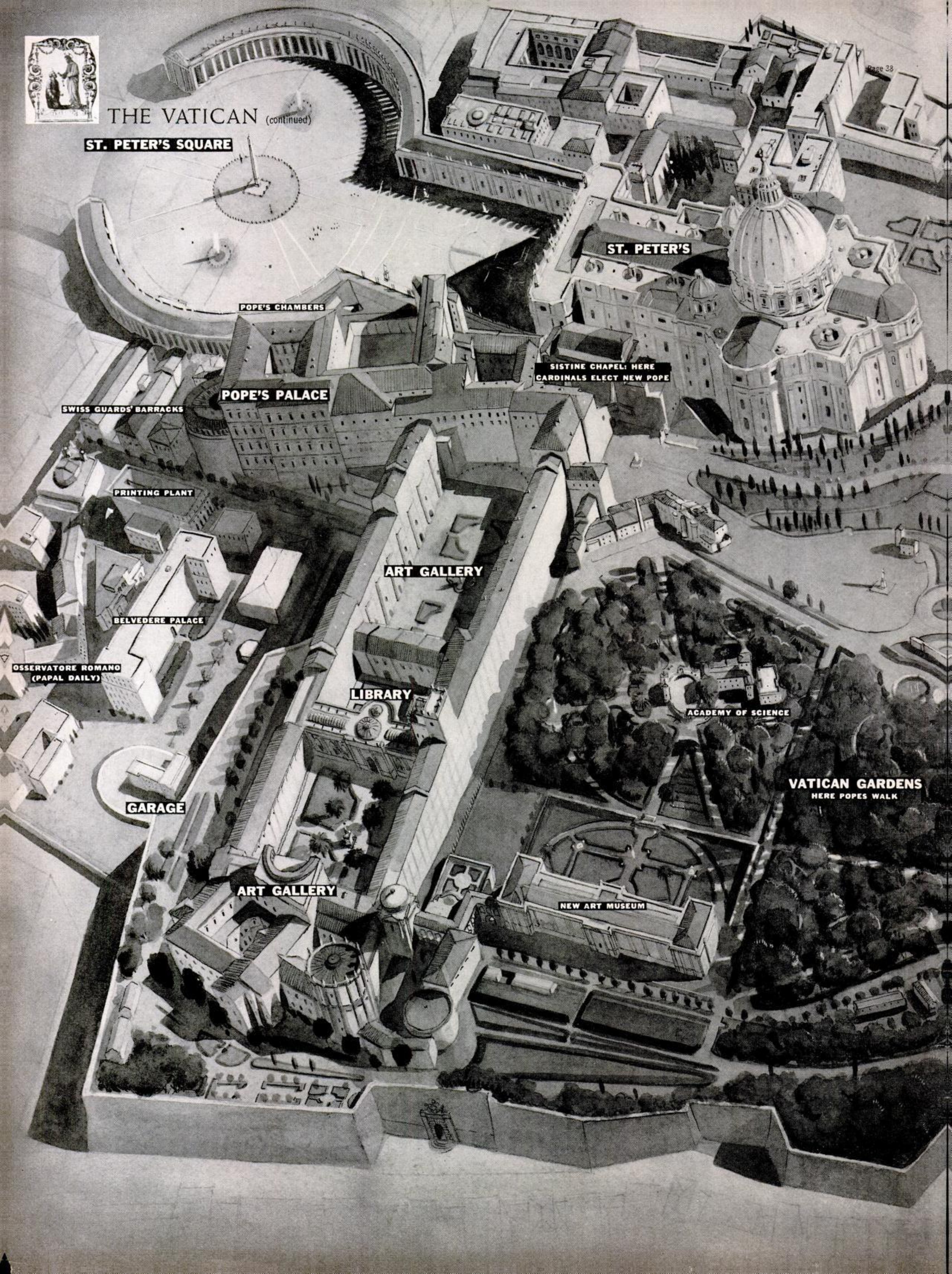
ACADEMY OF SCIENCE

GARAGE

**VATICAN GARDENS
HERE POPES WALK**

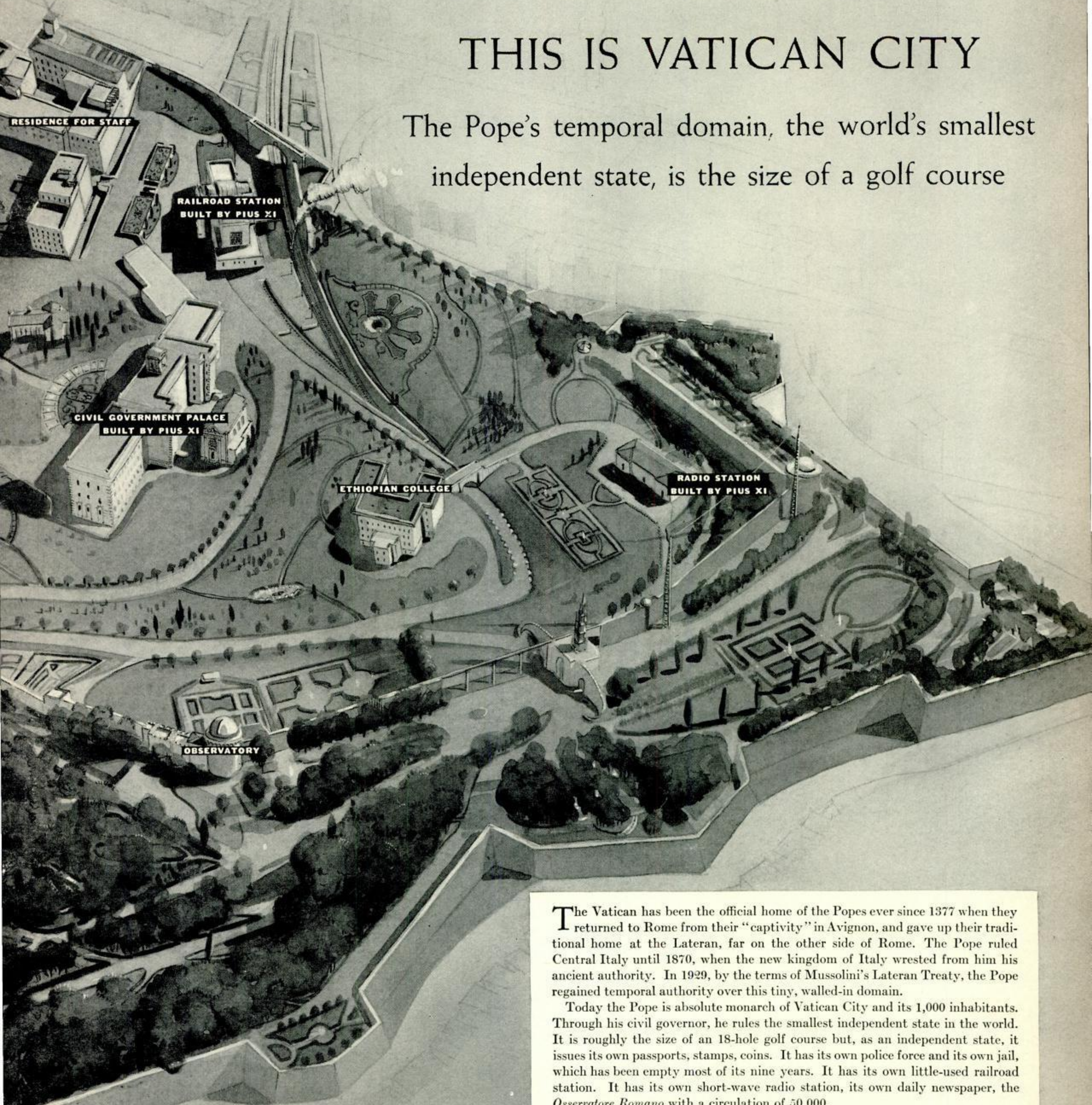
ART GALLERY

NEW ART MUSEUM



THIS IS VATICAN CITY

The Pope's temporal domain, the world's smallest independent state, is the size of a golf course



The Vatican has been the official home of the Popes ever since 1377 when they returned to Rome from their "captivity" in Avignon, and gave up their traditional home at the Lateran, far on the other side of Rome. The Pope ruled Central Italy until 1870, when the new kingdom of Italy wrested from him his ancient authority. In 1929, by the terms of Mussolini's Lateran Treaty, the Pope regained temporal authority over this tiny, walled-in domain.

Today the Pope is absolute monarch of Vatican City and its 1,000 inhabitants. Through his civil governor, he rules the smallest independent state in the world. It is roughly the size of an 18-hole golf course but, as an independent state, it issues its own passports, stamps, coins. It has its own police force and its own jail, which has been empty most of its nine years. It has its own little-used railroad station. It has its own short-wave radio station, its own daily newspaper, the *Osservatore Romano* with a circulation of 50,000.

The Pope and many high officials live in the 1,000-room papal palace. The Pope's modest chamber looks out over St. Peter's Square. Back of his palace, in the Belvedere Palace, lives most of the city's worker population—the servants, shopkeepers, carpenters, plumbers. They are citizens of Vatican City, not of Italy. Their salaries average about \$50 a month but they pay no rent and can buy food more cheaply in Vatican City, where there are no taxes, than in Rome. They and all the other people who work in the Vatican—some thousand who live outside—must lead lives above moral reproach. In Vatican City, they may attend four small churches or St. Peter's which, on important feast days, has crowded 75,000 worshipers under its 404-ft. dome. They may drink at four bars where vermouth is the strongest liquor served. But in order to see a cinema show they must go to Rome, because there is no cinema theater in Vatican City.



THE VATICAN (continued)

A LIBRARIAN
IS NOW POPE

The man who now occupies the awesome chair of St. Peter was, until 1918, a scholar of limited ecclesiastical fame. As head of the Vatican Library, Monsignor Ratti was known to librarians the world over. As a daring mountaineer, his feats had earned him respect among the greatest mountain climbers. But few churchmen knew him well when, at the War's end, Benedict XV surprisingly made him Apostolic Visitor to new Poland. There he settled boundary disputes so impartially that enraged Poles demanded his recall. Tactfully, in 1921, Benedict XV made Achille Ratti Archbishop of Milan and a cardinal. Seven months later Benedict died and the College of Cardinals gathered in the Sistine Chapel to elect a successor.

Early ballots were deadlocked between Cardinal Gasparri and Cardinal Merry del Val, both extremely important churchmen. Neither could obtain the necessary two-thirds majority. Voting switched to Cardinal Laurenti who was elected. But he refused. Then Cardinal Ratti was elected. He accepted, chose Pius for his name.

The new Pontiff took over his office promptly and completely. Long years as a scholar had given him immense capacity and love for detail. Strong-willed and avid for work, he labored long and hard, grew testy when physicians tried to keep him from overtaxing his health. Twice he has been on the verge of death. Both times he recovered almost miraculously and went right back to his work.

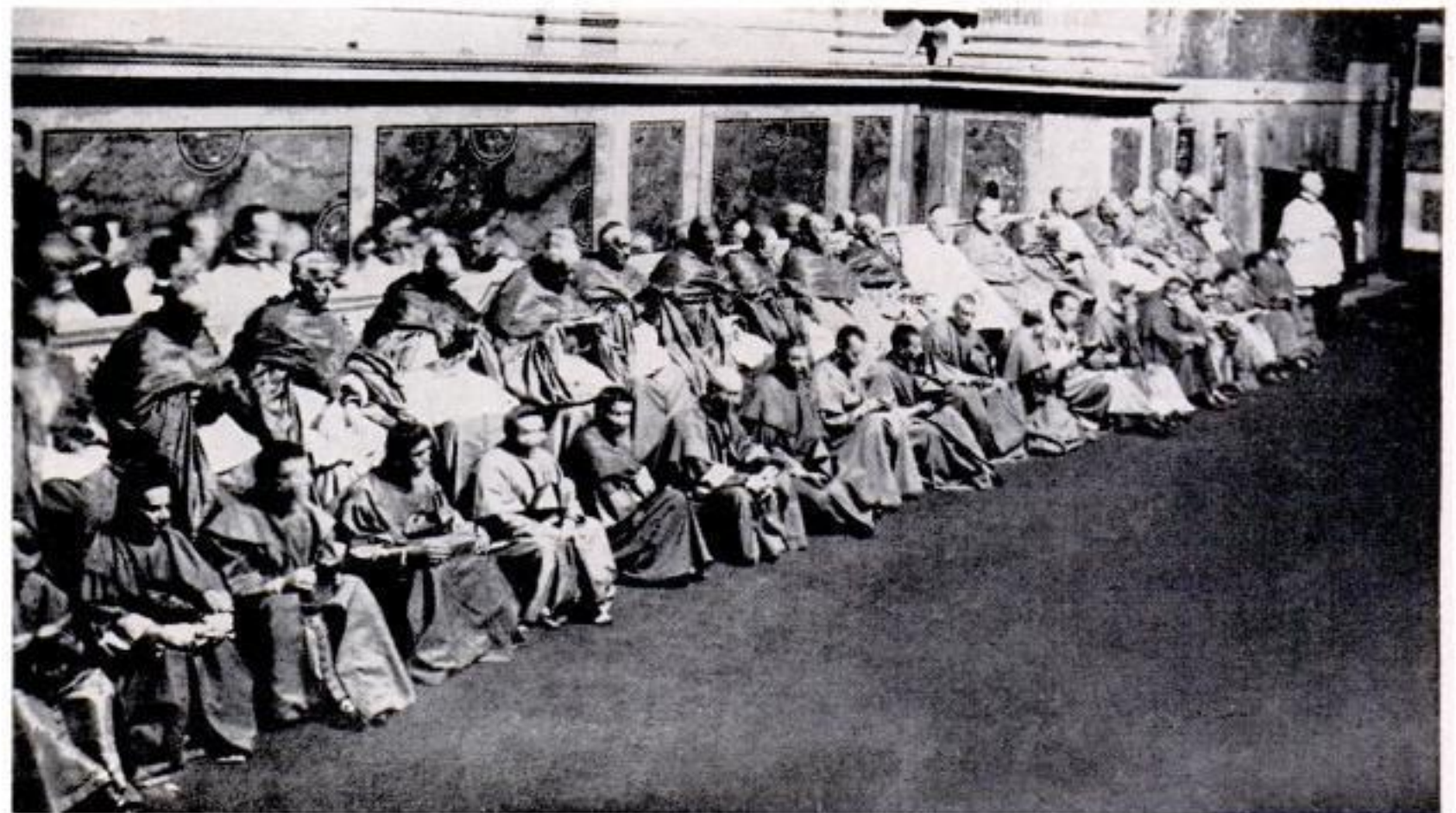
At 81, Pius XI leads a frugal life, arising at 5 a.m., and retiring at 10 p.m. Inconspicuous though he once was, he will be important in the history of his office. He has, by the Lateran Treaty, restored temporal authority to his Church. And as a Vatican builder, he has been the greatest Pope since the Renaissance days of Julius II.



The Pope's father was Francesco Ratti. Peasant-born, he became a silk weaver, rose to proprietor.



The Pope's mother was Teresa Ratti. Pius, christened Ambrose Damien Achille, was her fourth son.



At the Pope's election, the cardinals sit (in center row) getting instructions from the Dean of the

College. One instruction: mark the ballots in disguised handwriting to conceal the voter's identity.



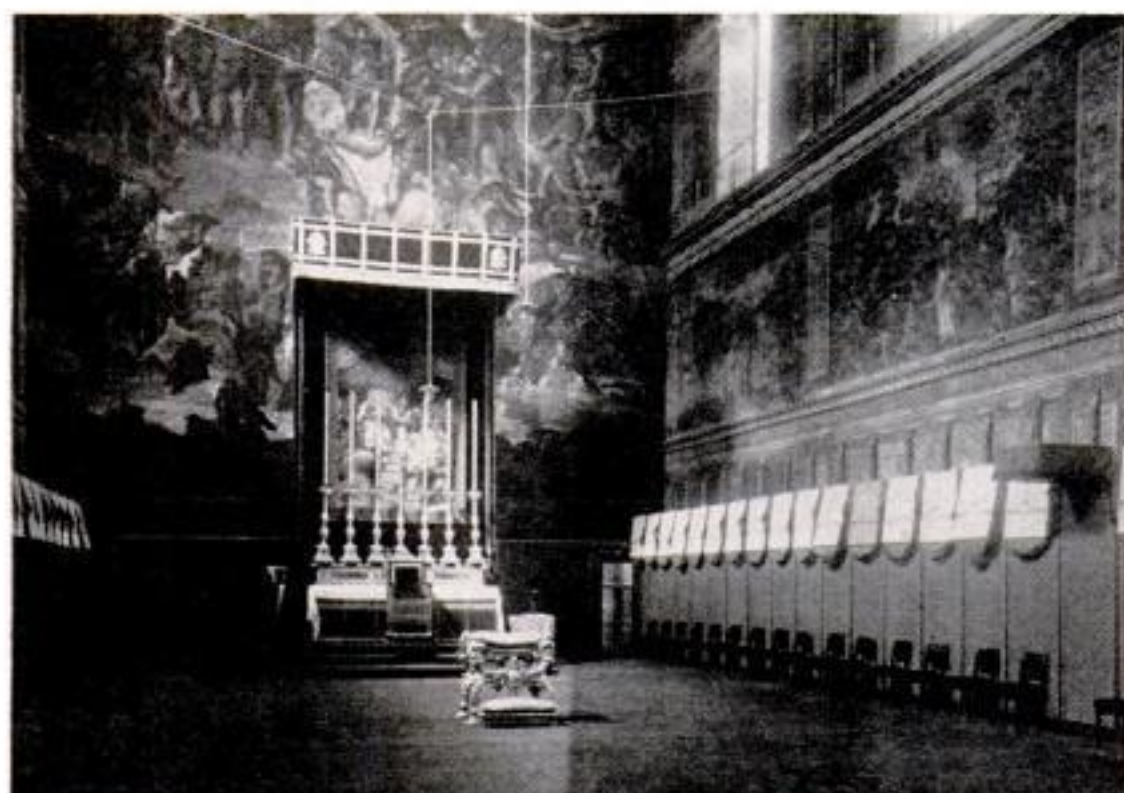
Cardinals' food at elections is prepared by nuns. Favorite meat is veal, favorite dessert *zuppa inglese* (candied fruit in meringue).



Cardinals' bedrooms are in Vatican Palace. At election, cardinals are imprisoned here and in Sistine Chapel, communicate with no one outside.



Ballots are burned. White smoke tells watchers outside a choice has been made.



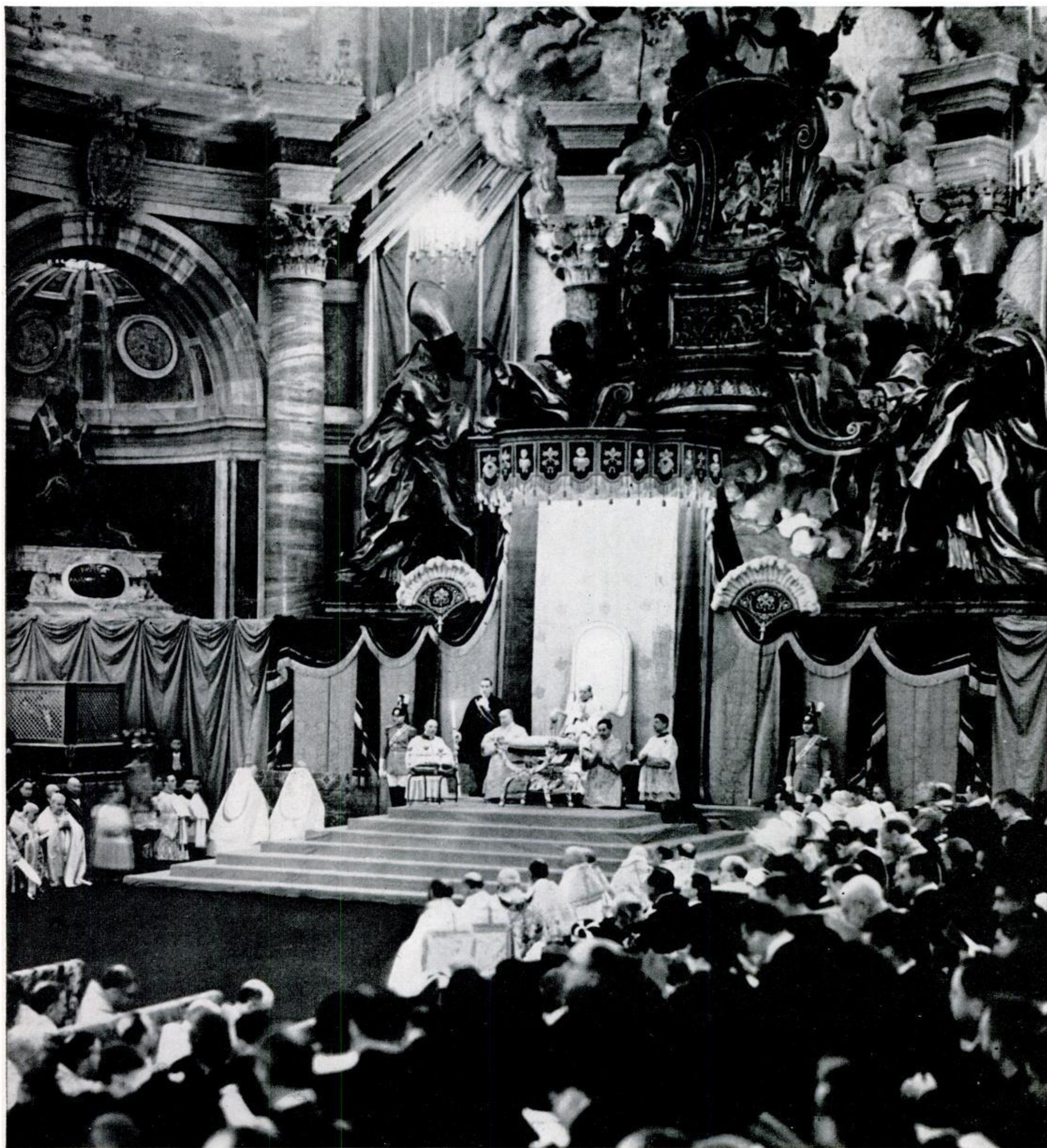
After the election, all the canopies in the Sistine Chapel are lowered except the one (far right) under which the newly-chosen Pope sat.



The Pope's church is not St. Peter's. It is St. John Lateran in outside Rome.



The Pope's automobile leaves Vatican City for his beloved country place, Castel Gandolfo. His favorite car: a 1929 Graham Paige.



The first Bishop of Rome was St. Peter. Pius XI is Peter's 260th successor. The Pope has an episcopal see—St. John Lateran—in Rome. But as Apostolic Successor to Peter, as Vicar of Christ and as universal bishop, the Pope occupies the throne of St. Peter in the basilica of St. Peter which is the Universal See. He does not literally sit on Peter's throne. This, according to church tradition, is encased in bronze and tops the tribune where the Pope sits (*above*).

This magnificent occasion is the canonization of three saints, celebrated in St. Peter's last Easter.

The Pope sits on the tribune, looking down the nave to the apse where, over the tomb of St. Peter, stands the high altar. Kneeling beside him on the dais are assisting prelates, and near his right stands the Master of Ceremonies who is responsible for all the intricate details of the rite. At either side of the dais are the *flabella*, the ostrich plumes which are carried in procession beside the Pope. Along the nave kneel cardinals, bishops and, in back of them, sit the most privileged worshipers. Here, surrounded by baroque splendor and breath-taking ceremony the Pope is enthroned at the head of his world.

THRONE OF ST. PETER

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE





When a Renaissance pope wanted to decorate a new room or redecorate an old one, he called in a great artist to do it. As a result, the ceilings and walls of Vatican rooms compose one of the world's most sumptuous collections of Renaissance art.

On the opposite page is the Hall of Maps in the art gallery off the Pope's Palace. On the walls are detailed maps of Italy in the 16th Century. On the ceiling are Italian scenes which tourists view by

looking into small mirrors they hold in their hands as they walk along.

Above is the Vatican's greatest single room, the Sistine Chapel between the Pope's Palace and St. Peter's. On the walls, Botticelli, Ghirlandaio and Perugino have painted the lives of Moses (*left*) and of Jesus (*right*). The rest of the room is Michelangelo's: sibyls and prophets on lower vaulting, *Last Judgment* over the altar, and his masterwork, the Crea-

tion, on the ceiling. To paint the Creation, the artist lay on his back on a scaffold for four years while paint dripped into his beard and his neck grew stiff. Occasionally Pope Julius II would come in, shout suggestions up to him and then leave quickly as the enraged artist bellowed retorts from aloft.

The Consistorial Hall (*below*) has its walls decorated with fine paintings and frescoes. Here, under a gold-lustered ceiling, the Pope holds audiences.





PIUS MODERNIZED HIS PAPAL STATE

With the election of Pius XI in 1922, the Vatican really entered the 20th Century. Before his reign, a few timid steps at modernizing had begun. Typewriters, for instance, were introduced in 1919. But Pius XI, a scholar who had supposedly been immersed in misty antiquity, displayed a surprising modernity. In 1922, he introduced automobiles into the Vatican. He enlarged its tiny telephone system so that today, with 800 phones, the Vatican has more telephones per capita than any other state in the world. He ran railroad tracks into the city, installed a big power plant, brought in spectroscopes for the Academy of Science and electric lighting for the interior of St. Peter's. Most striking evidence of the modern spirit is the Pope's radio station, installed and presented by Marconi for the Pope, who felt that Italian radio stations were distorting the issues between the Church and Italy, and wanted to have a broadcasting station of his own.

The urge to modernize spread outside Vatican City to Catholic Rome which is as much a capital of the Church as the Vatican is. Scattered over Rome are the various departments composing the Sacred Congregations whose heads constitute the Pope's cabinet. From these now-modern offices, most of the Church's affairs are administered. Also in *Roma Cattolica* are the headquarters of various orders. More important than any administrative job, however, is the function of Catholic Rome as the intellectual center of the Catholic world. To the seminaries and especially to the great Pontifical Gregorian University, young clerics from all over the world come to study and worship at the fountainhead of their theology.



A student at the Gregorian University kneels in prayer between classes. At this university, which is conducted by Jesuits, a great many American prelates have studied.



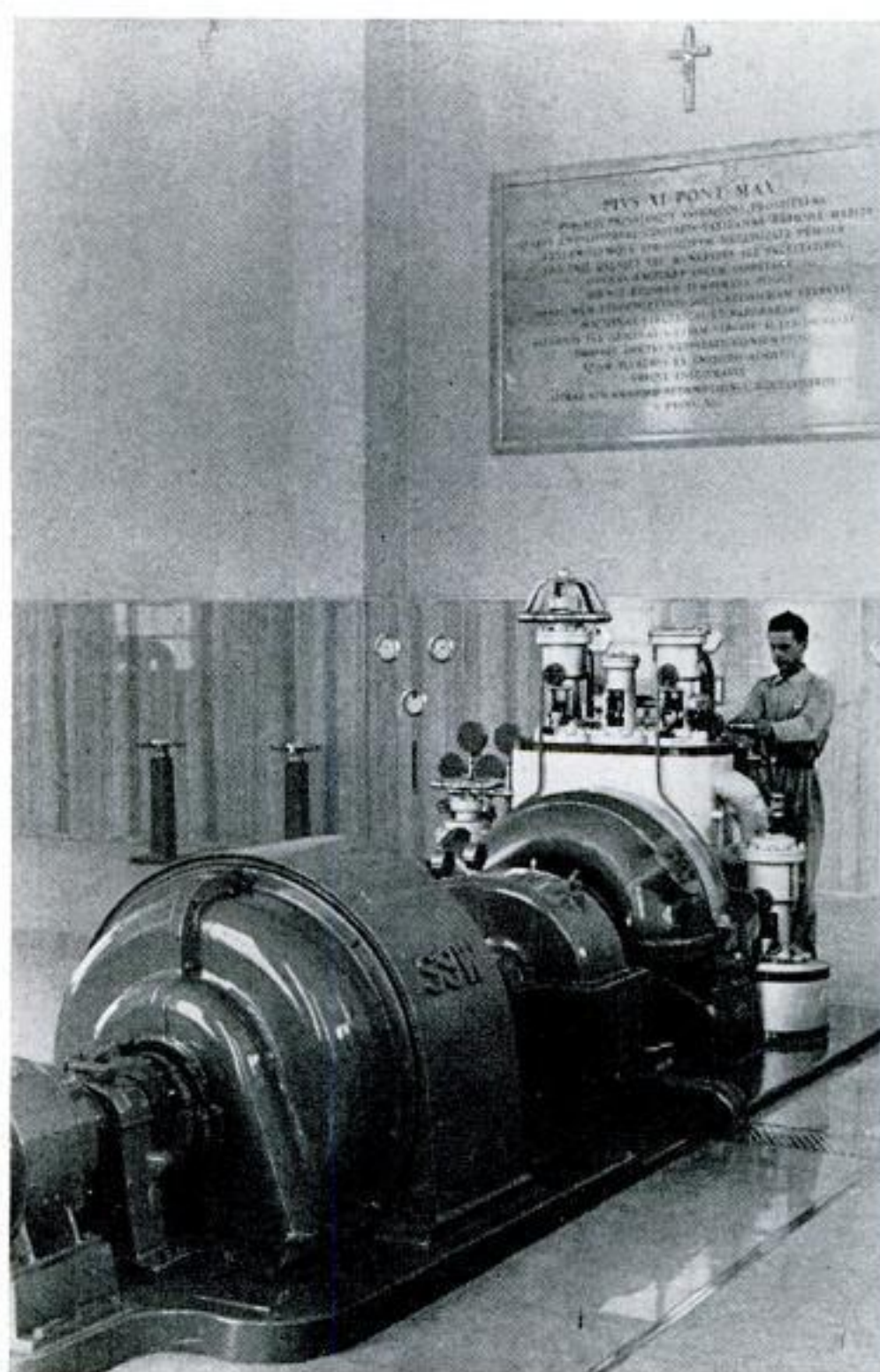
The Vatican Library has been recatalogued and fireproofed under Pius XI with money from the U. S., which today contributes more heavily to the Church than any other country.

FRANCISCAN MONKS IN THEIR ROMAN SEMINARY STILL WEAR MEDIEVAL HABITS BUT THEY





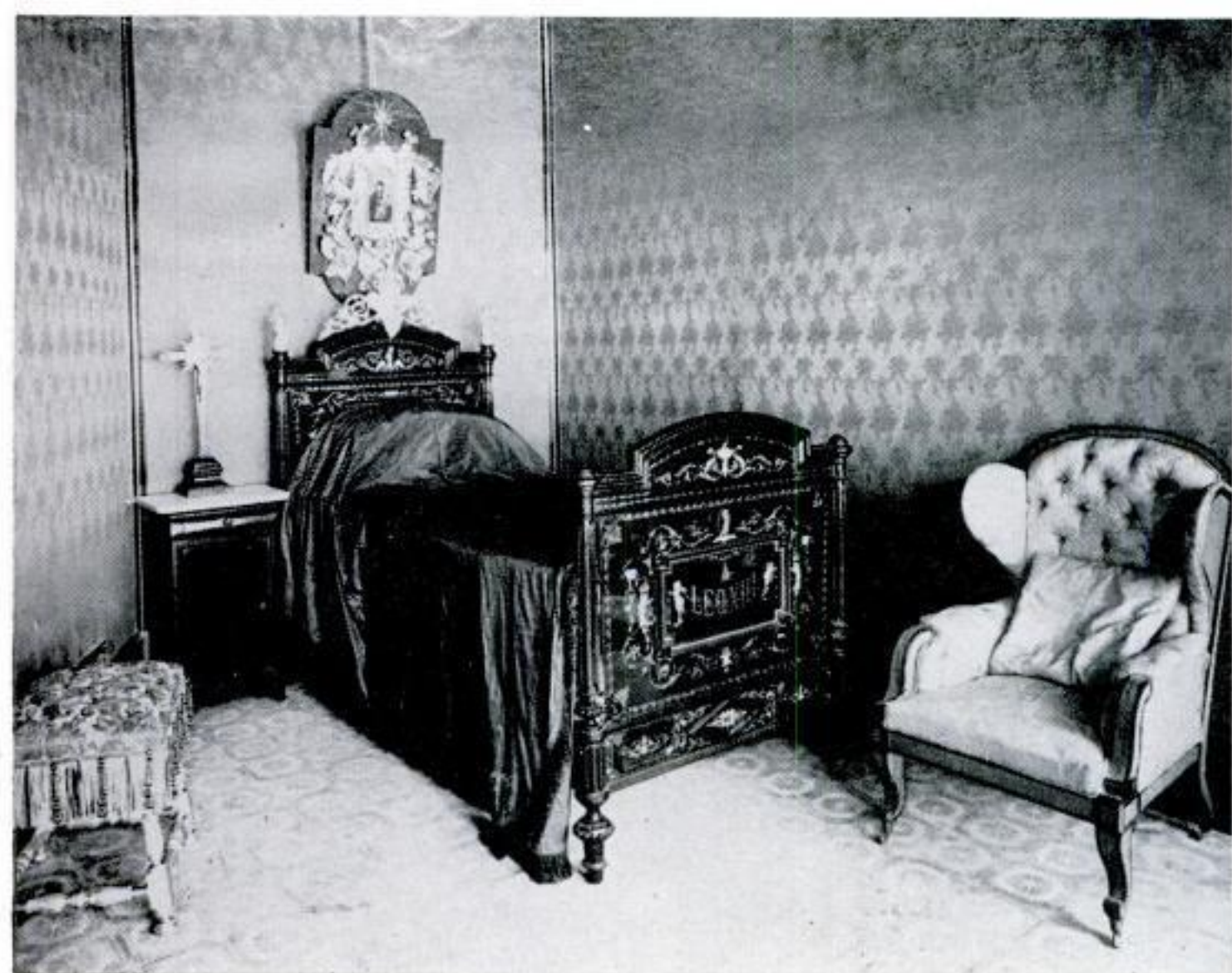
Station HVJ is the Pope's radio station. From its parabolic aerial, programs are sent out for rebroadcasting abroad.



The power plant in the Vatican was installed by Pius in 1933. The marble tablet on the wall commemorates the event.



Stamps are canceled mechanically in the Vatican's Post Office by a machine like those used in U. S. post offices.



A Pope's bedroom: This was used by Leo XIII but it is, in most respects, like the one in which Pius XI now sleeps. During election conclaves, these are used for Cardinals.



The Pope's tombs: Here, in the vault under St. Peter's, Pius XI has already chosen his last resting place. He will lie near the Medici Pope, Leo X, whose tomb is at the far right.

STUDY MODERN SCIENCE AND WORK WITH THE DEVICES OF THE MODERN WORLD



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



APOLLO BELVEDERE; 4TH CENTURY B.C.



THE VATICAN'S ART

The long sunlit galleries of the Vatican (*above*) house the world's greatest collection of ancient Greek and Roman art. Familiar to most U. S. schoolchildren are the Vatican's antique treasures, pictured here. They are the legacy of Renaissance popes who were members of rich Italian families—Borgia, Colonna, Medici, della Rovere. Beginning in the reign of Julius II (1503-1513), who brought the *Laocoön* and *Apollo Belvedere*, the Vatican became the repository for the pieces which the rich, art-greedy Italian princes had gathered.

To these collections, which included the best works of every period in Italian art, were added gifts from every country in Europe. Miles of galleries have been built to contain the accumulation of four centuries. Today only the Louvre rivals the Vatican in breadth and wealth of its collections.

But the most highly prized and cherished works in the Vatican are those which were executed at the direct commission of the popes—like Raphael's mighty *Transfiguration* (*below*) and Michelangelo's sweet *Pietà* (*below left*). The versatile Michelangelo capped his Vatican career by solving the difficult problem of designing and constructing the dome of St. Peter's which towers over Vatican City and, on the opposite page, looms behind the scholars of the Vatican's Ethiopian College.



PALLAS ATHENE; ATTRIBUTED TO PHIDIAS



PERICLES (ABOVE); PIETÀ (BELOW)



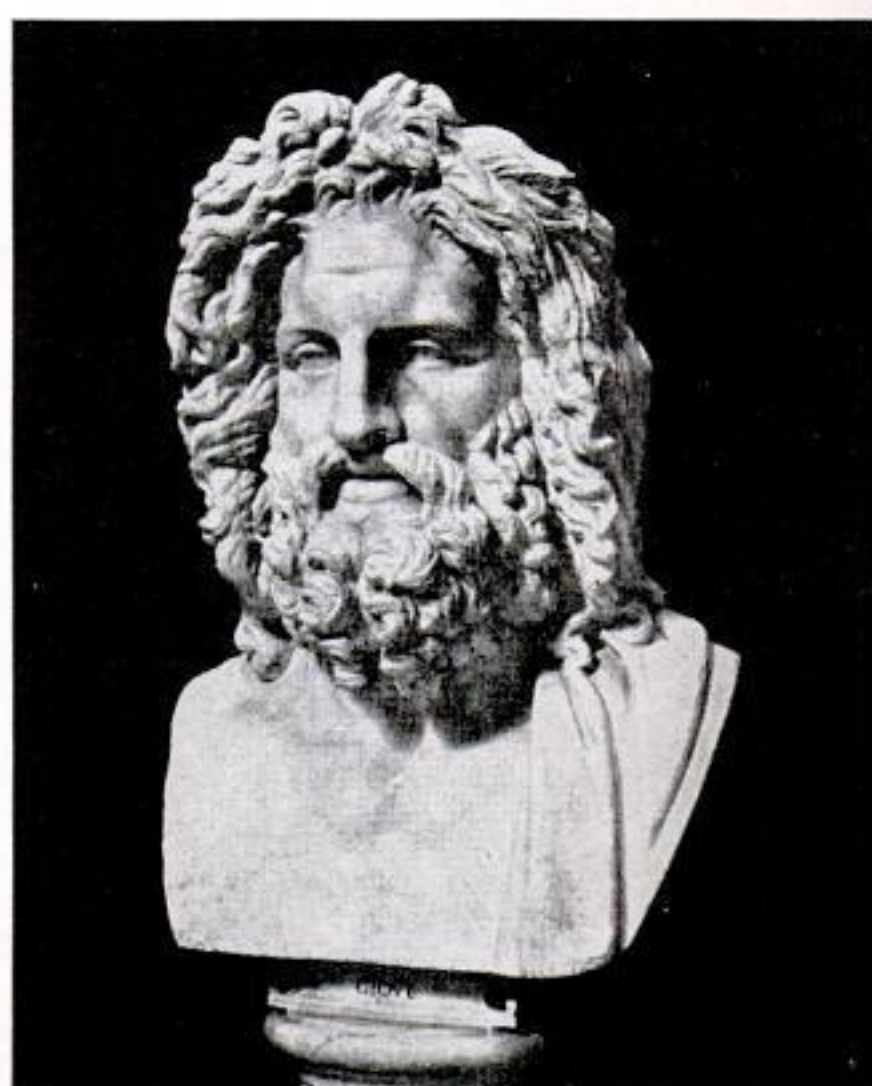
Raphael's "Transfiguration," last of his masterpieces, was unfinished at his death on Good Friday, 1520. Completed by a pupil of his, it hangs in the Vatican's New Picture Gallery.



DISCOBOLUS; DONE BY GREEK MYRON



AUGUSTUS CAESAR; GRECO-ROMAN



ZEUS (ABOVE), LAOCOÖN (BELOW)



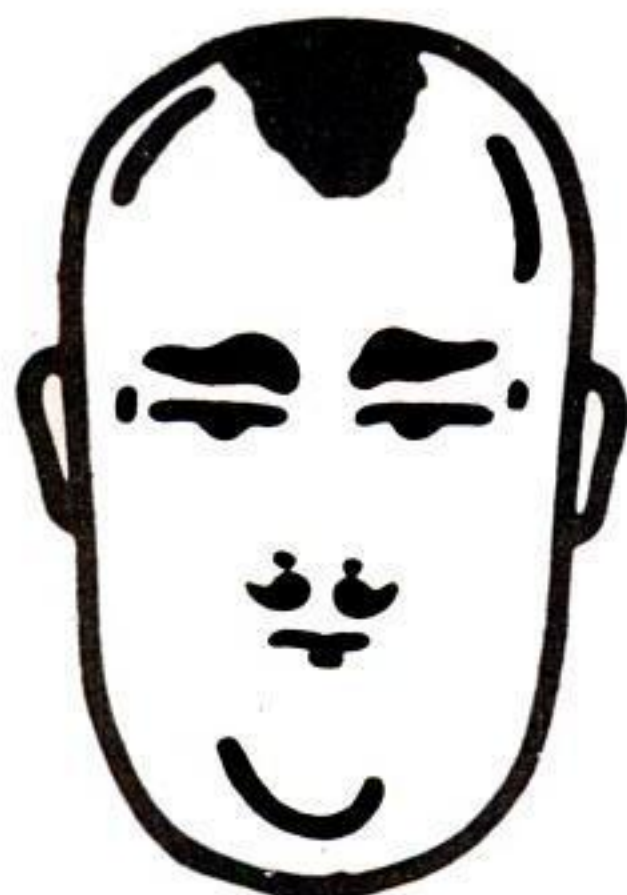


THE VATICAN (continued)





Mr. and Mrs. Paul Whiteman prepare for bed at 3 a.m. after a concert



Whiteman's registered trade-mark is this caricature for which he paid \$15.

LONG LIVES THE KING

Paul Whiteman is still the King of Jazz, who lives and works in a great big way after 20 years of piping

by FRANK NORRIS

Paul Whiteman is the only man who has had 20 big years in jazz music, and at Carnegie Hall on Christmas night he will begin his twenty-first. America is the place where jazz began, and America, having gone crazy about it and forgotten about it two or three times, is still the only place where jazz is played. Since the War, America has had all kinds of bands that played all kinds of jazz—hot and sweet. There was the Dixieland, the first great and truly hot jazz band; there were others that measured up to or down from its austere standards—Red Nichols', Gene Goldkette's, Vincent Lopez', Guy Lombardo's, Ted Lewis', the Casa Loma and now Benny Goodman's, Bob Crosby's and Tommy Dorsey's. Whiteman either preceded, taught, hired or survived them all.

One way to judge a piper is to find out how long he has been piping and how much he has been paid. Nobody has made anything like as much money out of the jazz business as Whiteman. Tommy Dorsey and his trombone have had one good year. Benny Goodman and his impeccable clarinet have had two. Paul Whiteman, with nothing more tangible than a little stick—plus a sound classical background and the greatest flair for popular experimentation and picturesque showmanship since John Philip Sousa—

has had two whole decades as fat and happy as his own big-bellied self.

Whiteman does it differently. He considers his 30-piece ensemble (the men play 88 different instruments) a group of artists unsuited to the nightly grind of hotel or movie house. Whiteman plays two or three big proms or parties or civic events a week, sits in with symphonies, gives an occasional concert and does a weekly hour for Chesterfield on the air. This year the Whiteman band will gross more than \$600,000. Whiteman will put more than \$50,000 of that in the bank before taxes. Whiteman's agent succinctly sums it up: "Paul ain't selling cat's-meat. He's selling merchandise."

He has dressed it up a number of ways, but the basic merchandise Whiteman has been selling so successfully for 20 years is jazz. Called "symphonic jazz" or swing or hot music or gutbucket or any other new or old name, jazz is essentially a syncopated song of about 36 bars in four-four time. Whiteman found the form and tempo in a Denver honky-tonk in 1906; he lavished his musicianship on it, orchestrated it and made it respectable. He took it off the dance floor and brought it to a concert hall. He took it to Europe, and when he sailed back home they met him with airplanes full of bands. He jazzed

Liebestraum, Dance of the Hours, everything but Onward, Christian Soldiers ("which should absolutely not be jazzed"). It won him the admiration of such heterogeneous *aficionados* of America's native rhythms as Edward Prince of Wales, the late Wallace Reid, Rachmaninoff and Scarface Al Capone. While the preachers scourged him for corrupting a generation, Whiteman made jazz make him a millionaire and crowned himself its King.

But Whiteman has not become as much of a national institution as Wrigley by jazz alone. Few U. S. symphonies, faced with indifferent patronage or a rainy summer season, have failed to call in Whiteman for a joint concert. No other popular musical organization has ever been put under this obligation and Whiteman, who never takes a dime for his part in these performances, with some justice considers himself the mortgage-lifter of American classical music. The young musicians of the American idiom whom he has sponsored—Gershwin, Grofé, Still, Lane—make a more impressive roster than the Juilliard Foundation's. It is not surprising, therefore, that universities solemnly accept commemorative bronze plaques for their ivied walls from Whiteman after he has played for them, or that the New York World's Fair chose Whiteman offici-

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

WHITEMAN FANS SURGE FORWARD TO GRAB A PACK OF CIGARETS THROWN BY THEIR HERO AT A TOBACCO FESTIVAL DANCE IN WILSON, N.C.





PAUL WHITEMAN (continued)

ally to sound off its preview last May. Almost singlehanded he had put over Amon Carter's Fort Worth Fair in 1936. And the critics, who described Benny Goodman's Johnny-come-lately Carnegie concert a monotonous performance in single tempo, had reason to believe that the third Whiteman "Experiment in Modern American Music" at Carnegie Hall this week would be as notable and exciting as the first, 15 years ago.

Commander Sousa, whom Whiteman knew and wholeheartedly admired, used to lay a cannon out in the alley behind the theater and fire off three authentic shots between the march and patrol of *The Stars and Stripes Forever*. The tonic inventions of Whiteman are even more impressive. Years ago he perfected most of the mutes for brasses now standard in all bands. To get the sound effects he wanted for Gershwin's *An American in Paris* and Grofé's *Theme and Variations Based on Noises from a Garage*, he brought a taxi horn, a bicycle pump and a musical saw into Carnegie Hall for his second "Experiment" (1926). From Hollywood he demanded and got the first high frequency sound-film reproduction, because he wanted his fiddle section heard in his movie, *King of Jazz*, and he personally invented the method by which music is dubbed on a sound track before the performance has been filmed.

Sterophonic reproduction is what Whiteman calls the system of nine big and little loudspeakers (big ones for deep tones, little ones for high) and the mess of amplification gadgets which he has strung around the Carnegie Hall stage for the Christmas night show. In the big, specially written compositions of Duke Ellington, Richard Rodgers, Ferde Grofé and others, Whiteman is able to balance his augmented, 50-piece band with the delicacy of a tight-rope walker. But the audience will get not only a feeling of tonal balance, but a sense of tone in space.

Whiteman believes that the microphone is here to stay, that future music must use electrical amplification, not only to reach a larger audience but because a sound-mixing dial is obviously a far more effective means of controlling volume, indicating tone in space and picking up instrumentation, than a baton. For several seasons Leopold Stokowski has been "mixing" his own broadcasts, but classical music has been traditionally reactionary about using new instruments. If jazz, the bad little boy of music, has nothing else to offer, it has shown an impudent precocity in developing new instruments and new ways to use old ones, and no one has been so impudent as Paul Whiteman.

Paul Whiteman was a bad boy, too. He was not only talented, he was big and tough. His father, Wilberforce J. Whiteman, was music supervisor in Denver's public schools for many years. He made Paul a first-rate violin player, at a cost of one smashed violin and hours of patient coaching. Paul sang in a choir, sawed away in the Denver Symphony, and at night prowled around the downtown joints, like the Interocean on Larimer Street, where the ragtime was jangling when the sunrise lit up Pike's Peak.

Denver in the silver-mining days was not a sissy town. Paul, when he began making his living there as a fiddler, showed himself well able to cope with his environment. He recalls hugging the floor of the old St. James one evening when a berserk miner came in with a thumb-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52



1 In 1896, at the age of 6, Paul posed for a family album picture in fancy collar and leggings.



2 At 16 Whiteman was a chubby schoolboy putting on the weight that later helped make him world-famous. He played the viola in the school ensemble.

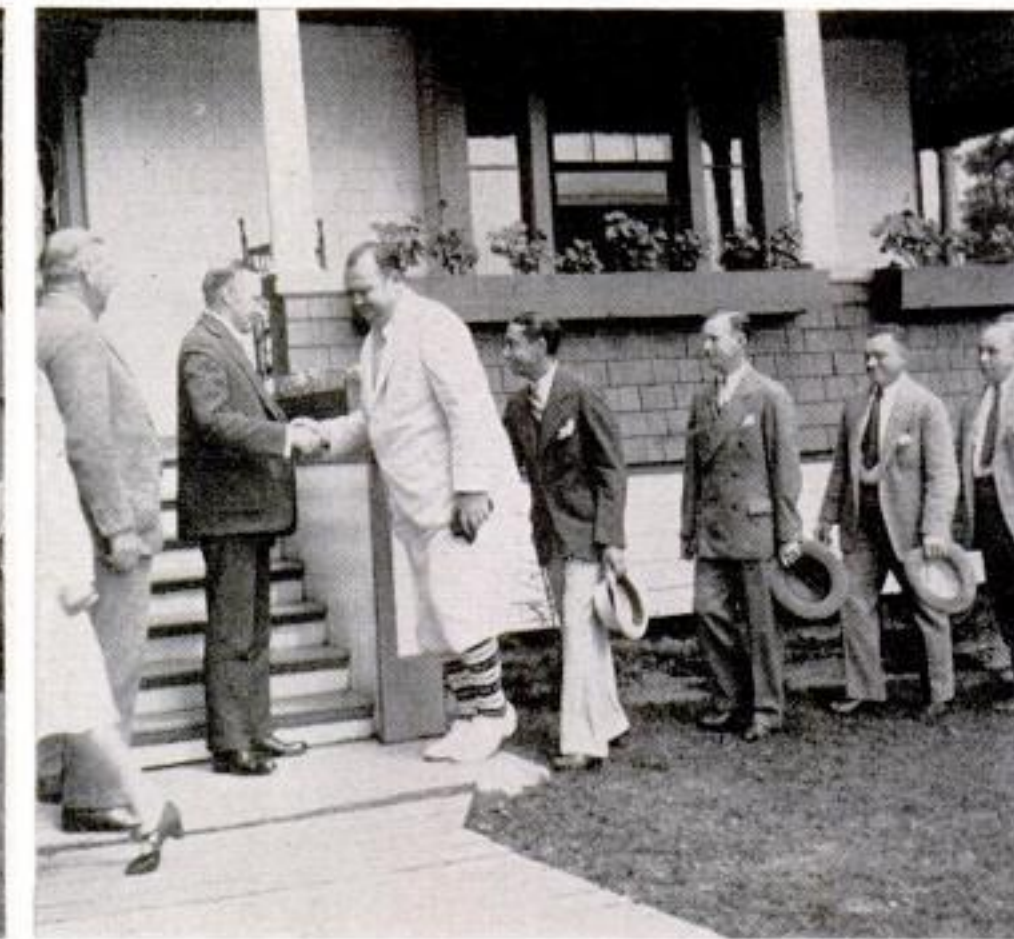


3 During the War he won local renown as violinist in this Navy orchestra at Mare Island, Calif.

8 He wed pretty Vanda Hoff, his third wife, in 1921. Here they are with Son Paul Jr. in 1924.



9 Whiteman did more than any other musician to make the Jazz Age, and he met leading figures of the day. Here in 1926 he meets President Coolidge after a two-year tour.



10 For Gertrude Ederle, who swam Channel, he autographed *Trudy*.



15 Thanksgiving he got more publicity by posing as a Pilgrim Father with school children.



16 He traded punches with New York's Mayor Jimmy Walker on Hotel Belvedere roof in 1928. He weighed 327 lb.



17 Whiteman is always ready to put on an act. Here he drums up attention for the Salvation Army with a broad smile.

22 A sound-proof bungalow was built for him on the movie lot. One of the publicity pictures showed him taking life easy on top of a piano.

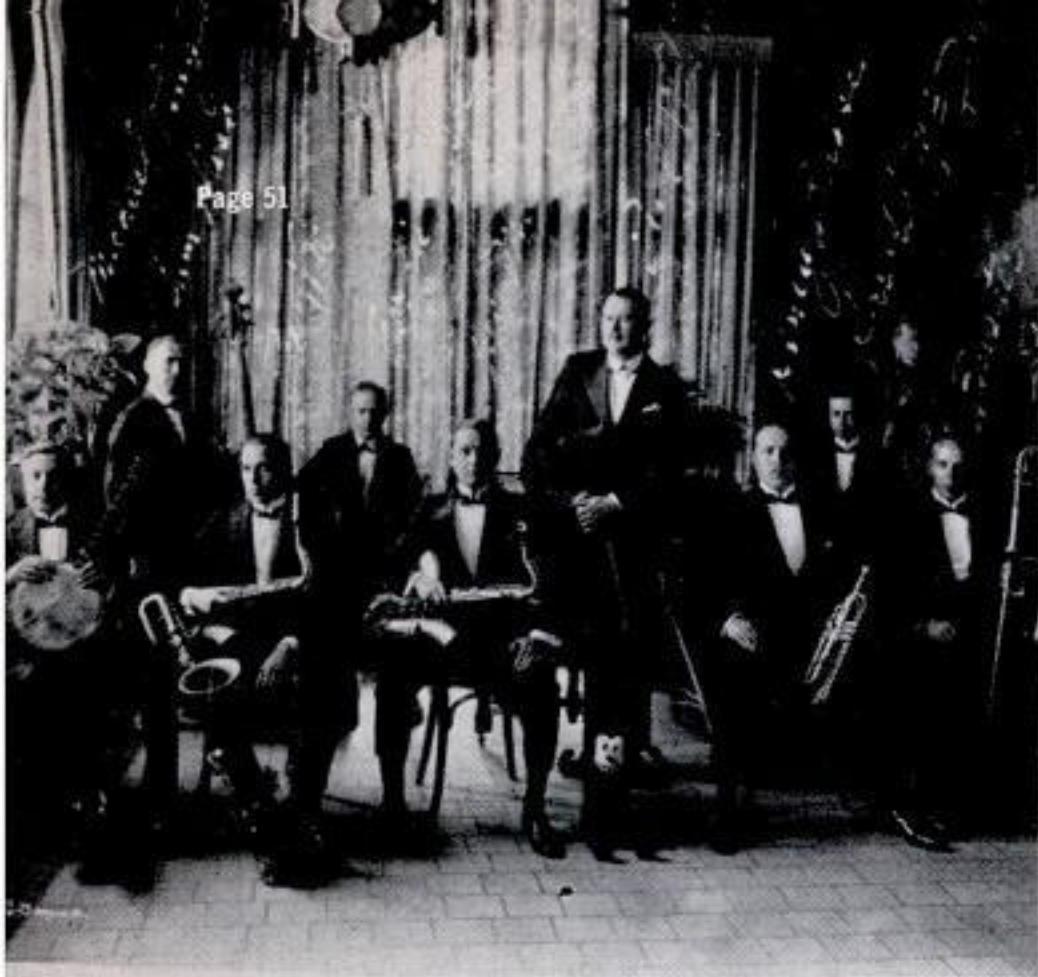


23 In San Francisco, Toy Kay Lowe, president of the exclusive Lauk Lauk Club, made him a member.



24 His fourth wife made him diet. Here secretary measures his waist which dropped 9 in.





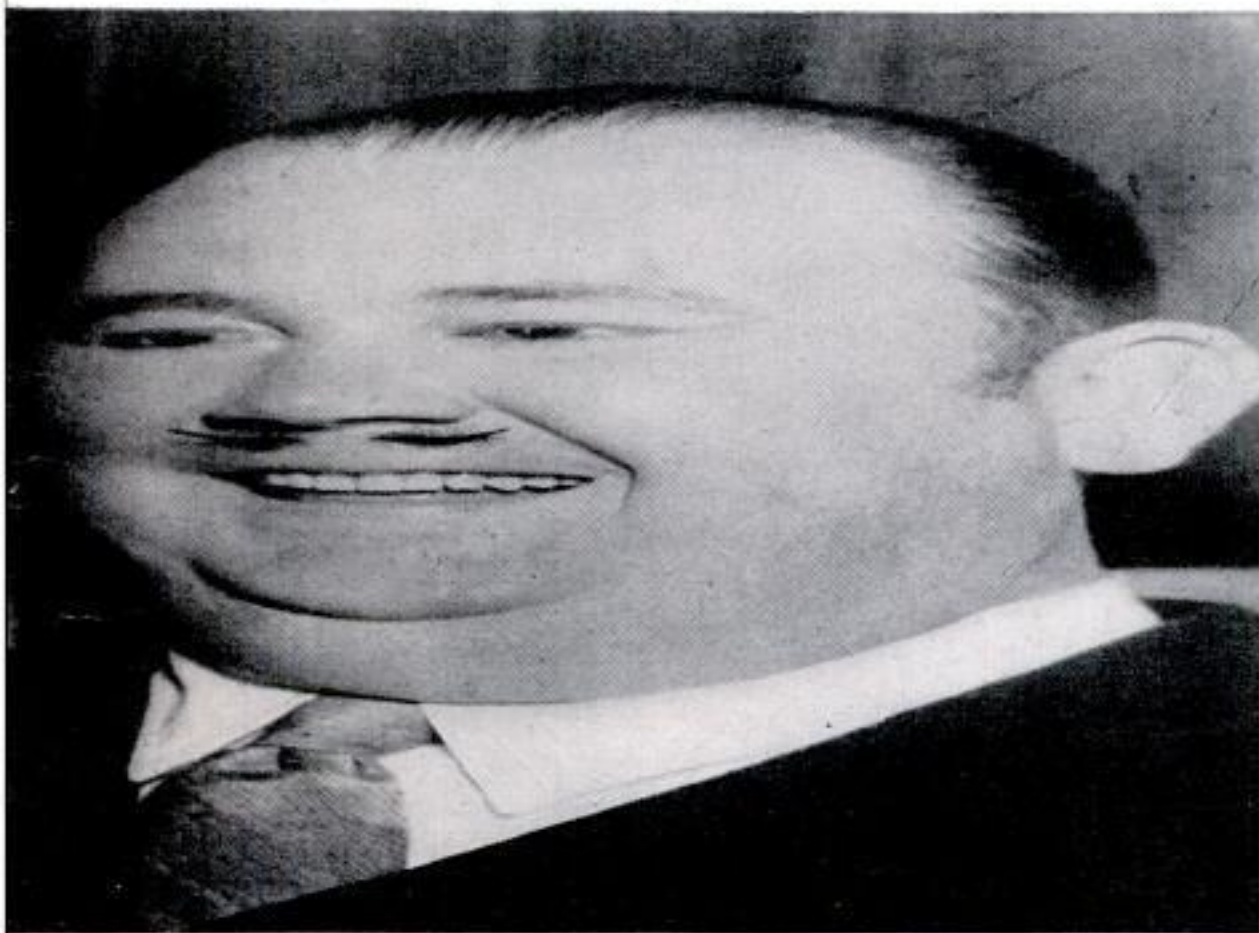
- 4** His first orchestra in the East played at the Hotel Ambassador in Atlantic City. Mike Pingatore (*extreme left*) is the great banjo player who is still with the Whiteman band.
- 5** In the 1923 Ziegfeld *Follies* his band increased its fame. Here he is with two leading ladies.
- 6** To advertise his new band Paul appeared on vaudeville billboards dressed as a gob, peeling potatoes.
- 7** Looking like an admiral, Whiteman put on a great show as he led a 1,000-piece band from the back seat of a car in a Knight Templar parade in New York City.

11 A trick mirror in a Vienna amusement park made Paul Whiteman look like this during a triumphal tour of Europe. A great showman, Whiteman enjoys posing for pictures, especially if he can dress in costume.

12 Paul stopped in Scotland long enough to don kilts and give an exhibition of his bagpipe skill.

13 New York gave him and his wife a parade on their return from abroad. Airplanes filled with bands circled above.

14 In another publicity stunt he spoofed with Babe Ruth and John Philip Sousa (*right*) in gym.



- 18** Next he gave the chef of the Belvedere Hotel publicity by posing with a pretty lyre made of pastry.
- 19** In 1929 he and his band were starred in *King of Jazz*. Whiteman oiled the locomotive en route to Hollywood.
- 20** He dressed as a chef while sampling his mother's tasty biscuits during a visit to his Denver home on his trip West.
- 21** *King of Jazz* was Whiteman's first movie and an early Hollywood attempt at a big musical extravaganza. In it Paul led this mammoth band. The band got \$9,200 a week.

- 25** For friendship's sake Whiteman "socks" Jack Dempsey in 1935, while Rudy Vallee watches the time. Richard Himber counts the ex-champ "out".
- 26** Three generations of Whiteman fiddlers posed for this publicity release in 1935: Father Wilberforce, Son Paul and Grandson Paul Jr., aged 12.
- 27** He made his entrance on a pure-white horse in *Jumbo* at Hippodrome in 1935.
- 28** The King of Jazz proved he can keep step with the times when "King of Rhododendron Ball" in Asheville, N. C., made him "Swing King."





PAUL WHITEMAN (continued)

buster and proceeded to shoot five people. And the notorious night in the more proper Brown Palace Hotel when a stranger blew a hole in a trick balloonist because he was out with a local Senator's wife, it was Whiteman who, armed with a Seltzer bottle, scurried down from the orchestra balcony, cautiously reconnoitered the scene, and then sensibly stanching the aeronaut's wounds with a bar rag.

The thing to remember about Paul Whiteman is that, although he has worn a white tie every night for the past 20 years, he came from the Wild West and he still thinks in its terms. He has even brought a little bit of the wide open spaces to Manhattan Island. Dressed like an hidalgo at fiesta time, Whiteman can be seen riding around Central Park every afternoon on his strawberry Tennessee Walking Horse. The best time of the year for him is when his cousin Hub Whiteman shows up in New York for the Madison Square Garden rodeo. Last November, Hub, the only man ever to win both the roping and bulldogging at Fort Worth, came to New York as one of the rodeo judges. Paul took one look at him, went home to his amazing collection of Western gear and came back with a three-pound pair of spurs for Hub. "I didn't want anybody in the ring to have a bigger pair of spurs than a Whiteman," he explained.

The San Francisco for which Whiteman left Denver was, in spots, tougher than his home town. It is worth noting that, at the climax of his career, Benny Goodman is considered unique among jazz band leaders because he plays occasionally with the Budapest Quartet. Whiteman played the viola with the Minnetti quartet, a very respectable group of San Francisco chamber musicians, in 1914. He was also first viola of the San Francisco Symphony at 21, but he figured he wasn't getting anywhere. He was making \$40 a week with the symphony. He could make twice as much at Cappa's Neptune Palace on the Barbary Coast, where the criterion of a man's musicianship was his ability to get the customers up from their tables to dance. The waiters then carried off the unfinished drinks and anyone who protested got shot down a chute to the sidewalk.

The War made Whiteman a Navy bandmaster in a uniform that had to be built specially to cover all his 327 pounds. Mr. S. W. Straus made Whiteman a national name. Mr. Straus was building hotels all over the country. And because he saw that Whiteman could still get them up to dance, he wanted the Whiteman band for his new Ambassador Hotel in Atlantic City. In Pasadena, Whiteman's new-fangled jazzing of the classics and his slick "symphonic" orchestrations of post-War tunes like *Avalon* and *Japanese Sandman* were the musical sensations of the West Coast. It was good enough for Pauline Frederick, Fatty Arbuckle and Mabel Normand, and it was good enough for Mr. Straus.

But the West Coast is not the East Coast. For weeks nobody came to hear Whiteman at the Ambassador, until one afternoon one of those enchanted golden girls out of F. Scott Fitzgerald walked in with a man and began dancing to *Avalon*. Whiteman never knew her name, but after her everybody came. A whole convention of phonograph people came, heard Whiteman, bid against each other for him and set his *Song of India* flying around a million turntables.

Then Mr. Straus insisted that Whiteman put a battery of cimbaloms in his orchestra and

Whiteman decided to let Mr. Straus run the hotel business while he went on to New York: to the opening night at the Palais Royal (where Lord and Lady Mountbatten heard the first number played for two hours and ten minutes and where the rope was up for three solid years); to vaudeville (14 weeks at the Palace); to the *Follies of 1923* (where the moving stage didn't move at the premiere); to Europe (where Kreisler showed him Berlin and the Viennese students made him run a drinking gauntlet of beer mugs and Prince Edward came every night to the Grafton Galleries and insisted on playing the drums); to a time when there were 57 Whiteman bands touring the U. S., eleven playing in New York City and another one shuttling the Atlantic on the *Leviathan*. And at the end of the big year, Whiteman's paraboloid face and haberdasher's mustache, stylized and stenciled on millions of posters and record labels, were better known than the pursy features of Calvin Coolidge. Whiteman was rich, famous, happy, and owed his office \$5,000.

"The only way I have any money," says Whiteman, "is to make more than I can spend." That is a large order, since every day is rodeo day to him and he spends it as though he were living in a cowboy's drunken dream. Like everything South by Southwest, Whiteman is megalomaniacal. Most men have one wife. He has had four. Most men have one set of golf sticks. He has one for each of the clubs at which he plays. Until 1930 he was as big as two average-sized men. He used to buy three suits of varying sizes but of the same material. One was for his stabilized weight, another was to wear when he had been drinking for a day or two, and the third was the one he squeezed into after a week's fun. (He and his old cornetist, Henry Busse, drank a case of champagne every night for 19 nights. Alone, Whiteman has accounted for 100 bottles of beer "just pints," at a sitting.) While the nation watched his declining poundage as if it were a sweepstake, he reduced from 311 to 186, taking nine inches off his middle, three inches off his neck and one inch off his head. That was at the insistence of his present wife, Margaret Livingston, whom he calls "Moms" and whom he fell in love with after seeing her play the siren in a movie called *Sunrise*. Now at 48 he is a 47% better risk on the Mutual Life Insurance books than he was at 40.

Whiteman is native to large dimensions and expansive living. When he goes into a restaurant he habitually calls for three tables. One is for himself, Mrs. Whiteman, immediate friends and his personal physician, whose dietary counsel he scrupulously seeks and consistently disregards. The next table is for the high command of the Whiteman orchestra, presided over by Pianist and Arranger Roy Bargy, who has been with the outfit 15 years. (Banjoist Pingatore says he was with the band before Whiteman, Paul having been late to the first rehearsal.) Stooges, radio people, song-pluggers mill around the third table. Paul, so paternal that he is customarily greeted as "Pops," makes the rounds to see that everybody is happy. His living is essentially simple—an apartment on Central Park South, a stable for his Tennessee Walking Horse, three children, a farm on the Jersey side of the Delaware River—but it costs him \$4,000 or \$5,000 a week.

Other band leaders do one thing. They have one style of tune, one way of playing, and they play that way until people get tired of them. Whiteman is too big to be one-dimensional. Whiteman's band is not a band, it is an act.



Whiteman rehearses his 50-piece band for his big Carnegie Hall concert Christmas night. He pays musicians from \$100 to \$350 weekly, which is higher than union scale. One arranger gets \$500.



Louis Armstrong, No. 1 swing trumpeter and guest artist at the Christmas concert, blows hot licks into the maestro's ear. Below, Whiteman sits alone, listening carefully to the rehearsal.



It plays "pop" tunes, waltzes, hot specialties, gives pretentious productions of old and new semiclassics, offers solo and ensemble singing. Like a medicine show, it has something for one and all, old and young. It can't miss. It has played more good music than Crosby and Goodman and Dorsey will ever play, more bad music than there is corn in Kansas.

Almost anybody who is any good has written or arranged or sung or played for Whiteman, because he could buy them. Notable Whiteman alumni are Busse, Mildred Bailey, Ramona, both the Dorseys, Morton Downey, Johnny Mercer, Grofé and Bing Crosby, whom he picked up in Los Angeles on a three-a-day singing act called Rinker & Crosby. He has made ghastly pop records like *Three O'Clock in the Morning*, which sold a million for each strike of the clock and of which he is ashamed. With great hot artists in his band like the late Bix Beiderbecke, Frank Trumbauer, and Jack Teagarden—who still works for him—he has cut some of the very finest American rhythm records. He found the trick of bringing jazz to the millions and he has done more to make it live and more to kill it than anyone in the business.

Most Westerners are friendly folk, and Whiteman has made lots of friends. He is also a gambler, and there have been times when a friend was all that stood between him and disaster. On the eve of his historic first jazz concert, which many a wise head in Tin Pan Alley had begged him not to undertake, an offended vaudeville manager was trying to get a band of his own to beat Whiteman to the gun. Whiteman had to set all his arrangements ahead, and he went to a little song plugger at Harms named George Gershwin and persuaded him to whip out in three weeks the *Rhapsody in Blue* that they had once talked about. He then went around to a friend of longer standing and greater prestige, Victor Herbert. Whiteman had played under Herbert's baton in the Union Pacific pavilion at the 'Frisco fair in 1915. A solid comradeship had been established, because Whiteman not only shared a taste for Scotch whisky with Herbert, but used to massage the old gentleman's shoulders for him after the evening performance. Also in record time, Herbert wrote a suite of four dances for Paul's big show. That and the *Rhapsody* were enough to put the concert across.

The one thing Whiteman admires most, not only in his friends and business associates but in his rivals as well, is professional sophistication. He is no dummy and he has no patience with dummies. No sooner had he given Gershwin his debut into serious music than aging but professionally astute Walter Damrosch grabbed off Gershwin for the New York Symphony. Paul, disappointed but not bitter, paid his old competitor the highest compliment he knows. "Walter," he said, "never needed a nurse."

The night-club business has never been much above the underworld, and some of the pleasantest days of Whiteman's life were spent working for gangsters. "They let you alone," he says. One of the men Whiteman had to deal with when he was supplying music to most of Manhattan's stay-out-lates was a Mr. Chink Sherman, later found in a barrel of lime. Whiteman remembers him with regret and affection. "A nice guy. Not petty."

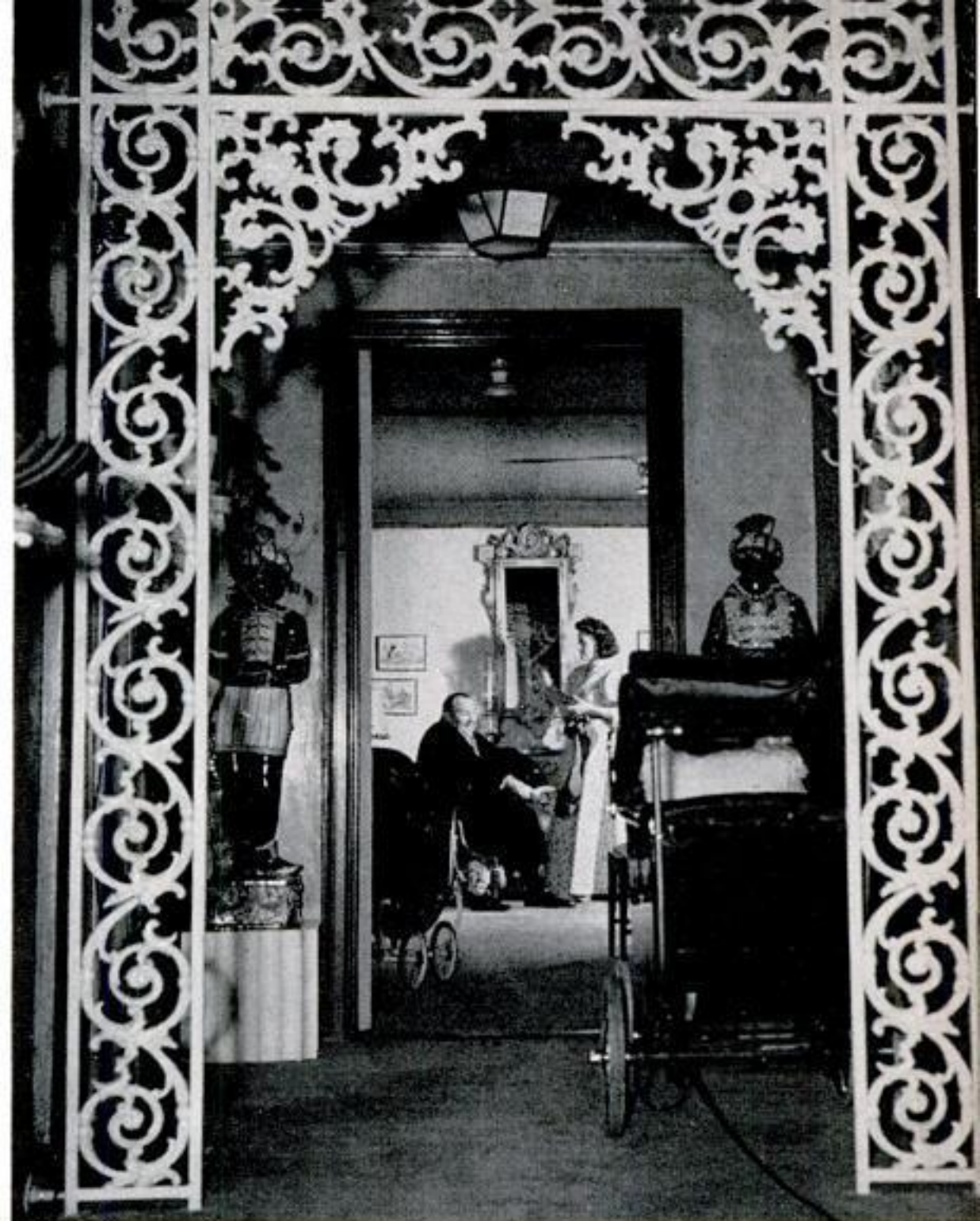
Most big artists who played Chicago before Repeal were methodically shaken down. Some of Capone's boys, however, always supplied Whiteman with a bodyguard. The season that

Whiteman played the Granada on Chicago's South Side was all a Wild Westerner could ask for. On New Year's Eve, Whiteman and the late Machinegun Jack McGurn picked the blades off the basement ventilator with a forty-five and then knocked the caps off beer bottles at 50 feet for target practice.

But the Fort Worth Fair probably provided Whiteman with the most agreeable job he will ever have. In spite of Billy Rose's importing 50,000 white parasols, nobody could stand the Texas heat in the middle of the day. So the Fair was held at night and the thing to do was go and hear Whiteman at the Casa Mañana. Dallas had nothing like that. Amon Carter, the town's patron, turned his ranch over to Whiteman for two summers. Every morning Whiteman went out with a different key that let him ride across some new part of Carter's 150,000 acres, and every afternoon there was a barbecue. When it was all over, Whiteman was made a commander of Texas Rangers, U. S. Deputy Marshal for the Northern District of Texas, reporter on the Fort Worth *Daily Texan*, Chief of Police and Honorary Mayor of Fort Worth, and given a \$2,400 pair of gold-and-ivory inlaid automatics by the Texas Legislature. The Fort Worth Chamber of Commerce gave him a pair of solid silver spurs inscribed: "With the hope that he may spur himself into the affections of the World as he has into the affections of our Folks."

Perhaps the most celebrated musical affection that Whiteman ever spurred his way into was that of Sergei Rachmaninoff. When he first heard Whiteman's band, the great Russian exploded: "An orchestra of virtuosos! Who could have done this?" Whiteman did it, because he could pay them better wages than they could get anywhere else—up to \$30,000 a year, half the budget for many a struggling symphony. But Whiteman also knows how to use his virtuosos. He is tireless at rehearsals, catching the smallest flaw, tapping an interruption, barking in his high voice: "That's a turkeyrool! We'll get this right if we have to stay here all night so help me Lee and Jake!" Not even his most envious competitors sell Whiteman's musicianship short. He has done fine things—from the series of rhythm records that began with *China Boy* and ended with *Great Day*, to the new *Cuban Overture*, so artfully orchestrated and played that he makes a poor Gershwin sketch sound like the best De Falla. His failures are pot-boiling failures, done because he feels he has to keep a large and expensive organization going. He could quit any time. "Moms," who now handles his money, has seen to that.

Whiteman will never be imitated, superseded, or replaced. Men who have started something growing and grown with it obviate the need for successors. But one night a year or so ago Whiteman was walking up Broadway and, as he frequently is, was touched for a loan by some less lucky artist. For some reason this particular touch set Whiteman to thinking. He bought the Jersey farm. He is putting it in shape, buying the best machinery he can, preparing the soil. He believes he can take his Tennessee Walking Horse and "Moms" and the kids there and make a living, if Chesterfield or the band or fate or the Government go back on him. He will ride the horse around his land, he figures, and watch the land feed him. If he should end his days there, that would be all right, too. The soil of New Jersey is as warm as the soil of Colorado. His epitaph might be: he gave an Age its name and he never needed a nurse.



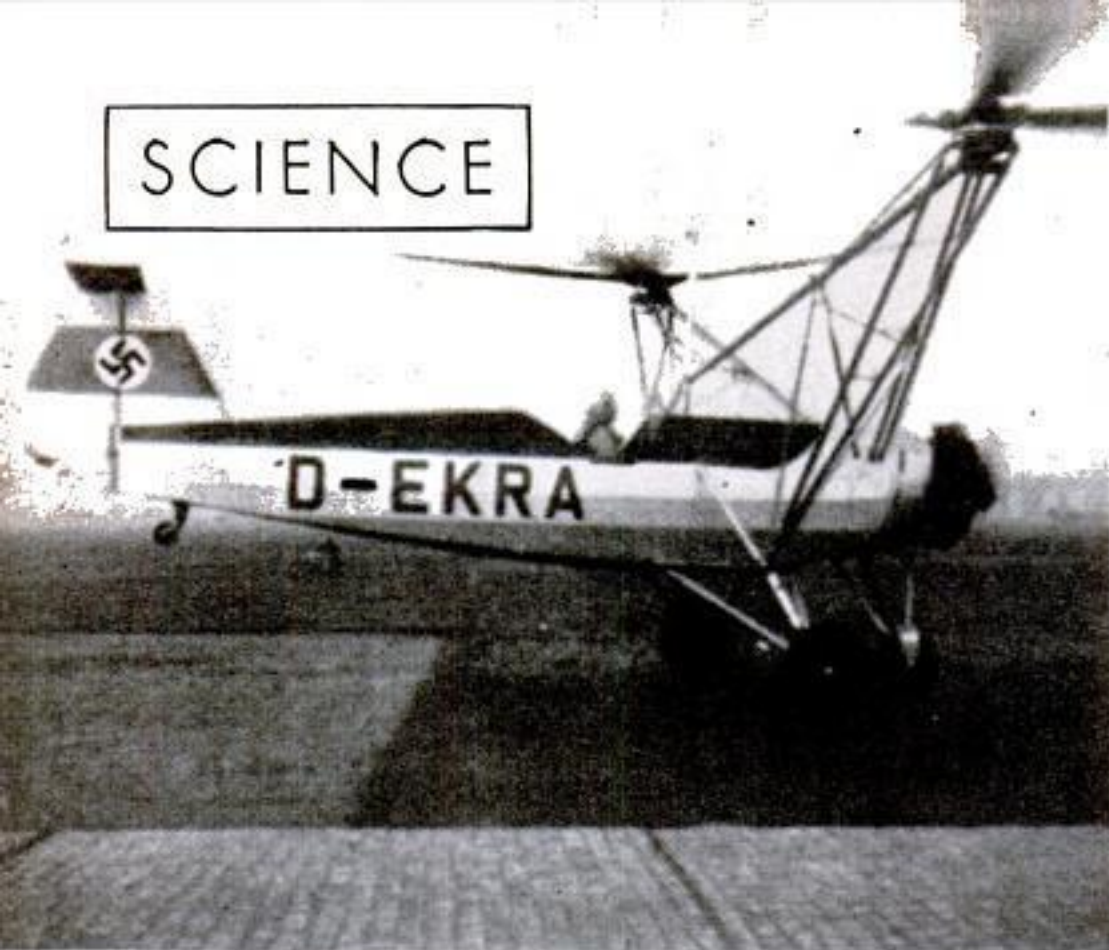
The Whitemans live in colorful surroundings with grillwork and porcelain blackamoors in the front hall. The baby carriage is for Son Richards. Daughter Margo, calls Whiteman "Mr. Paul."



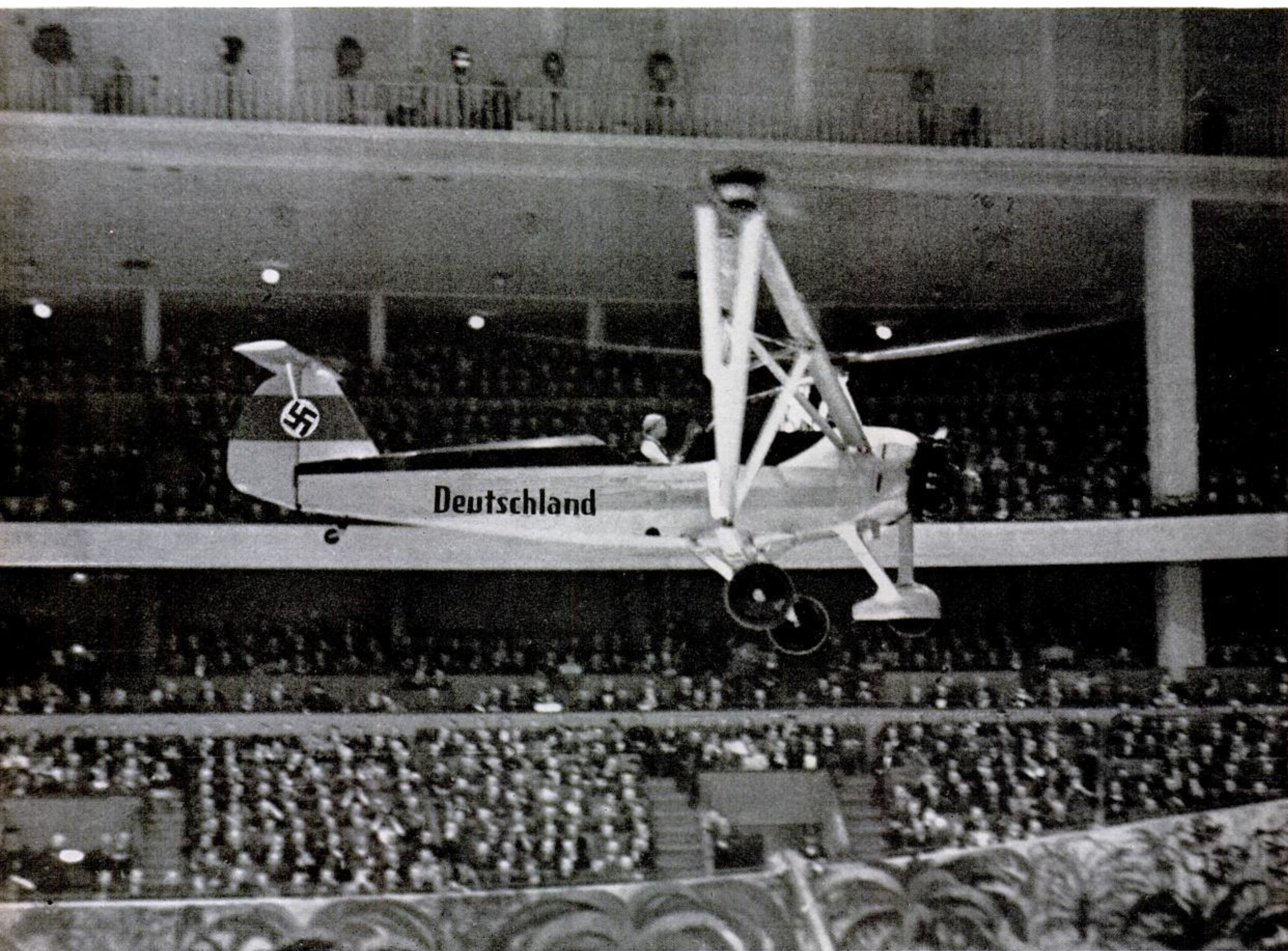
The Whiteman valet is a woman named Ann Rubon. Here she shines one of his 16 pairs of cowboy boots. Below, the Whitemans pose informally by a photo showing them in theatrical pose.



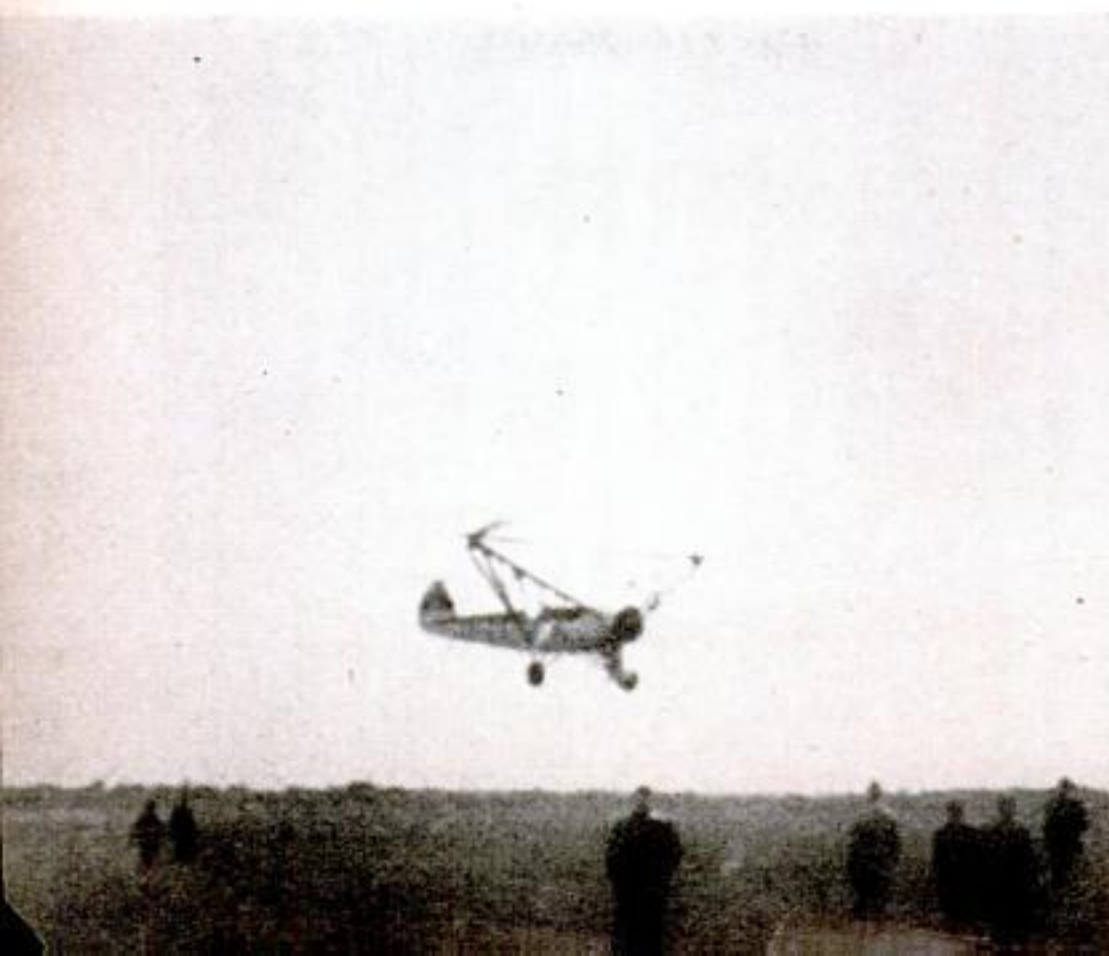
SCIENCE



Page 54



LAST FEBRUARY GERMAN AVIATRIX HANNA REITSCH SAFELY PILOTED THIS WINGLESS HELICOPTER AROUND INSIDE A CROWDED EXPOSITION HALL IN BERLIN



Copyrighted material



Helicopter take-off

The helicopter rises vertically off the ground by rotating its giant, motor-driven, horizontal propellers. The sequence of motion pictures at left shows that while the plane is climbing it does not move forward at all but maintains a constant position between angle formed by a bare patch of the airfield just below the marking D-EKRA on the helicopter and a building visible in the background beyond and below the motor of the helicopter.

AIRPLANE DESIGN MAY BE REVOLUTIONIZED BY NEW GERMAN HELICOPTER

Within the last two weeks, U. S. aeronautical engineers have gaped at 600 ft. of movie film showing the revolutionary operation of two new German helicopters. Earlier this year, W. Laurence LePage, a Philadelphia engineer, went to the Focke-Achgelis Company near Bremen, saw the first successful helicopters that have ever been built and brought back the film from which these pictures were taken.

Piloting a regular plane is like driving a car that has a minimum speed of 40 m.p.h. and no brakes. That commercial airplanes have achieved highly creditable safety records is due to the fact that they are piloted by exceptionally able men and that their cockpits are crammed with safety gadgets. But air safety demands a craft that can lose speed without danger, can come to a stop in mid-air, can land on any small patch of ground. This is the type of plane that Mr. LePage saw in Germany.

Driven by two three-bladed propellers whirling over the fuselage, the Focke helicopters rise straight off the ground, fly at almost 100 m.p.h. They can go forward, sideways, backwards or hover over one spot like a hummingbird—all by changing the angle of the propellers. So reliable has been their performance that Henrich Focke, designer of the new planes, allowed a helicopter to be flown inside a crowded amphitheater (left).

The helicopter is not like the autogiro, which gets all its forward motion through use of a standard propeller. In the helicopter, motor-driven windmill blades not only lift the plane straight into the air to a top height of 10,000 ft., but propel it in any direction. And even with its motor dead the helicopter descends more slowly than a parachute.

Aeronautical engineers consider Focke's helicopters to be the most important development in aviation since the Wright brothers flew their first plane. As a result the U. S. Government this year authorized \$2,000,000 for rotary-wing research with a view to transporting mail between cities and suburbs.



BY TILTING PROPELLERS SLIGHTLY THE HELICOPTER STOPS RISING, STARTS FLYING FORWARD



Test Pilot Hanna Reitsch usually pilots the helicopters. At right she flies low over the heads of spectators. If de-



sired she can come to a standstill in mid-air and talk to the people standing a few feet below the helicopter.



Helicopter landing

The helicopter can descend vertically inch by inch while the autogiro can only do this if it faces a 20 m.p.h. wind. In first picture of the sequence at left the helicopter hovers above a spectator. In the following pictures it drops closer and closer to the ground, yet constantly stays in line with the same spectator, and finally comes to a stop the minute it touches earth. Its speed of descent is regulated by speed of propeller rotation.



Life Goes to a Rubber Ball

at Akron, Ohio, where industry celebrates its newest products



Firestones, Leonard and his wife Polly, came as "gum-dipped," with gum sewed to their costumes. Son of late Harvey Firestone, Leonard is field manager for Firestone tires.



Men from Mars danced with human hot-water bottles when citizens of Akron early this month celebrated their city as rubber capital of the world. In fantastic rubber costumes, some 1,800 guests filled the ballroom of Akron's Mayflower Hotel (above). First and second generations of families whose fortunes are founded upon the great companies of Firestone, Goodyear, Seiberling, Goodrich, and General joined in the ceremonies which included crowning of a rubber King and Queen. L. E. Judd, Goodyear executive, impersonated (inset) Charles Goodyear whose discovery of the vulcanizing process 99 years ago really started the rubber business.

Originated by the Women's Art League, the Rubber Ball quickly won support from the Chamber of Commerce which welcomed it as a means of publicizing Akron's new rubber products. Goodyear's transparent pliofilm was featured for draperies and sheer costumes, while koroseal, the heavier Goodrich fabric, was used for the King's robe and men's dress suits.

Akron now plans to hold its ball annually and believes it justifies the theme song composed especially for the event: *Akron Is Bouncing Right Back Again*.



A Seiberling presided as King. He was Charles W., Seiberling Company vice president. His Queen was Jeanette Verheyden, elevator operator in Akron department store.



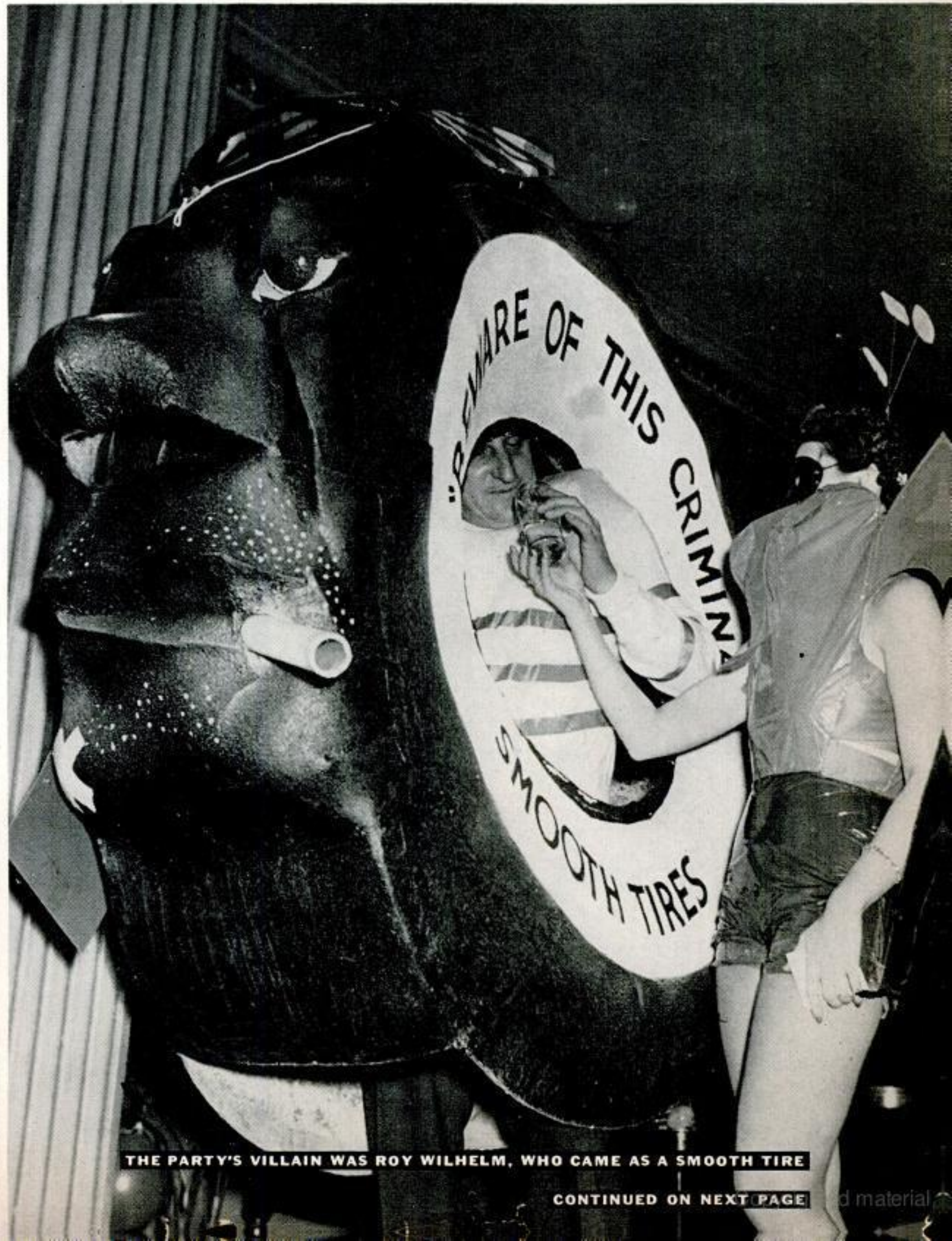
MRS. JOSEPH FERRIOT'S PLIOFILM COSTUME DEPICTED PLATE OF JELLO & CREAM



DORIS AUMANN WON PRIZE FOR BEST COSTUME. IT WAS MADE OF PLIOFILM



ONE GUEST CARRIED SMALL HOT-WATER BOTTLE, AND DANCED WITH A BIG ONE



THE PARTY'S VILLAIN WAS ROY WILHELM, WHO CAME AS A SMOOTH TIRE

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

A SPECIAL PREPARATION FOR SHAVING

FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY

**It's Not a SOAP... Not
Greasy... Needs No
Brush... No Irritating
Alkalies**

Soaps and lathers have been used for generations to soften men's beards. These serve well enough for men who shave only occasionally. But modern life now demands at least 1 man in 7 shave *every day*. This daily shaving often causes razor scrape—irritation.

NO SOAP BASE—NO HARMFUL ALKALI

To prevent this daily irritation, a rich, soothing cream *without a soap base* has been developed. Contains no harmful alkali. It is called Glider and is a complete departure from the ordinary way of manufacturing a shaving preparation.

NO LATHERING—NOT GREASY

After washing face thoroughly with hot water and soap to remove grit and oily sebum that collect on whiskers every 24 hours, you spread on Glider quickly and easily with your fingers. *Never a brush*. Instantly Glider forms a protective layer between the edge of your blade and the sensitive surface of your skin. It enables razor to remove your softened whiskers at the base *without scraping or irritating the tender skin*.

ESPECIALLY FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY

For men in responsible positions—doctors, lawyers, businessmen and others who must shave *every day*—Glider is invaluable. It eliminates the dangers frequent shaving has for the tender face and leaves your skin smooth and free from unsightly red spots. Glider has been developed by The J. B. Williams Co., who have been making fineshaving preparations for over 98 years.

TRY A TUBE AT OUR EXPENSE—We're so positive that *Glider* will give you more shaving comfort than anything you've ever used that we'll send you a generous tube **ABSOLUTELY FREE**. No stamps—no cartons—no dimes. Just send your name and address to The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. LG-16, Glastonbury, Conn., and we'll send you a tube of *Glider*. On this **FREE** trial test, we rest our case entirely. Don't delay—send in a penny post card today for your free tube of *Glider*.

Ernest D. Hurlbut
PRESIDENT

Free offer good in U.S.A. and Canada only

Life Goes to a Rubber Ball

(continued)



This rubber-elephant costume won L. R. Mong a prize as the most amusing at the ball. With him in peasant costume is Betty May Schroy, daughter of Akron's Mayor.



Prizewinners for most grotesque costumes were Jo Ann Porter and Fred Andrews as "Men from Mars." Voted cleverest was Howard Boedicker as huge rubber boot.

**AND IN
CONCLUSION—**

**For '39, resolve to
get Better Shots
INDOORS**

G-E Photo Lamps make it easy

1. Plenty of light to help you get good, clear photos indoors or at night.
2. Brighter, whiter light...the right kind for pleasing shots with modern film.

**DON'T MISS
HOLIDAY
PICTURES**

Christmas

To be sure you get good, clear shots of Christmas and New Year's fun, use G-E MAZDA Photoflash lamps. Each lamp helps get one vivid life-like picture. Good for color shots, too. Buy them where you buy film.

New Year's

For dozens of shots get G-E PHOTOFLASHES
G-E MAZDA Photoflood lamps last for dozens of pictures. Two G-E Photofloods in reflectors and new high speed film permit snapshots at night with box cameras. And they're just what you need for home movies. For best results, follow easy directions on package.

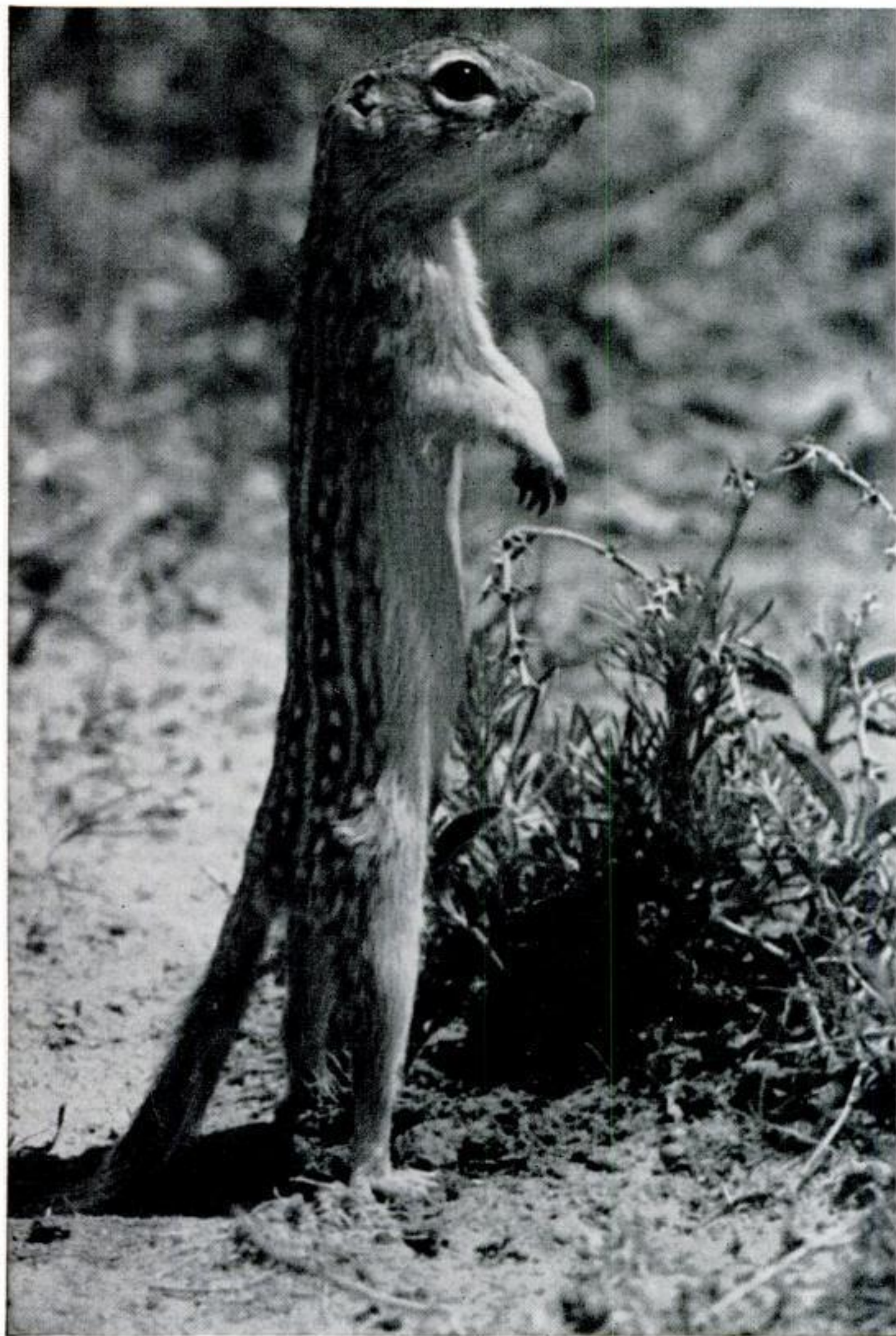


**NEW
Low Prices**
G-E Photoflood lamps
No. 1 (25c) now 20¢ list
No. 2 (50c) now 40¢ list

**G-E MAZDA
Photoflash lamps**
No. 10 . . . 15¢ list
BRAND NEW
No. 21 . . . 20¢ list
(for synchronized flash)

**GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA PHOTO LAMPS**

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS



SPERMOPHILES STAND ON THEIR HIND LEGS

Sirs:

These little animals are spermophiles. They are similar to gophers but more slender (about 10 in. from tip of nose to tip of tail) and are found in numbers on the Great Plains.

They love to know what's going on and since they are so small they must stand up on their hind legs, using their tails as props, to find out.

J. W. JACKSON

Brush, Colo.



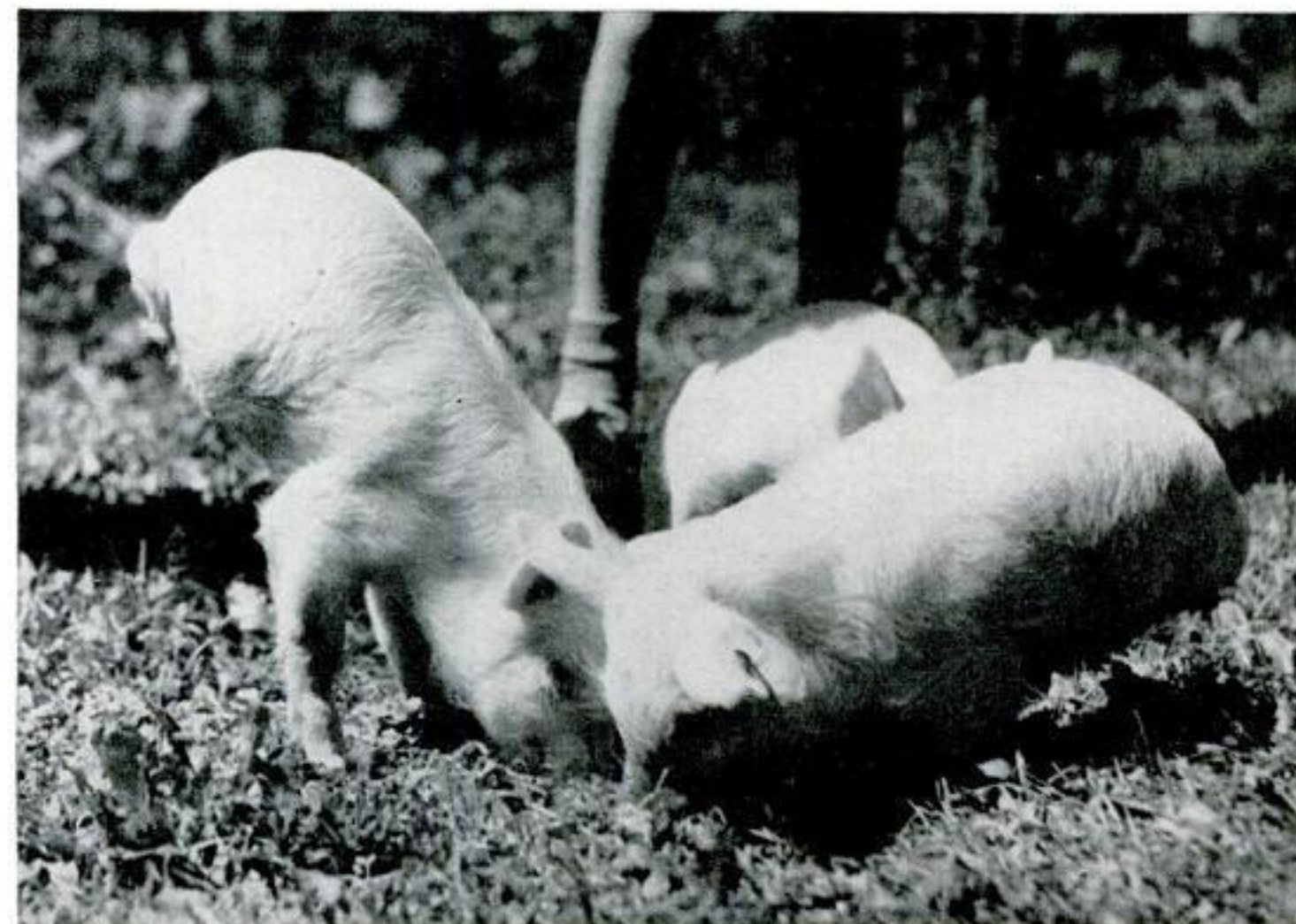
PIGS STAND ON THEIR FRONT LEGS

Sirs:

These pigs were born early this fall at River De Chute, New Brunswick, Canada. They were born with only two front legs and at times they walk erect on them. Later they were bought by a man named

Churchill of Caribou, Me., for \$1,200. He has had them at the Maine Fairs this last fall. They are healthy and smart.

DAN MAHER, Staff Photographer
Bangor *Daily News*
Bangor, Me.



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WHICH LIFE HOUSE IS NEAREST YOU?

HERE IS A REPORT ON THE PROGRESS OF
HOUSES NOW OR SOON TO BE COMPLETED*



ATLANTA KOCH HOUSE

Davison-Paxon, with Palmer, Inc.; at Oak Knoll. Opens Jan. 1. FHA-financed, it will sell for \$4900. The Ramseys of Atlanta helped break ground.



ALBANY STONE HOUSE

Hockensmith Construction Co. Store to be announced. New York Power & Light, Inc. is sponsoring house on this Buckingham Drive site. Open to the public February 1.



BALTIMORE WILLS HOUSE

The May Company, with Property Sales Co.; at Greenwood. This house on Falstaff Road is scheduled to open Jan. 29. A second Wills house on Springlake Way, Homeland, opens same day.



CHICAGO WILLS HOUSE

Carson Pirie Scott & Co., with Wm. Joern & Sons; at Edgewood Park, La Grange. Over 6,200 have already visited this LIFE house, to open officially early in February.



LOS ANGELES KELLEY HOUSE

The May Company, with Gordon J. Rogers and Walter H. Leimert Co.; at Leimert Park. May Co. reports great interest in this \$7450 house, now open.



MILWAUKEE WILLS HOUSE

Boston Store, with A. Longauer and Schultz Co.; at Dellwood Park. Boston Store Executives Herzfeld and Stone study model of house to open about March 1. Furnishings will be 18th Century.



NEW YORK KELLEY HOUSE

John Wanamaker, with Harmon National Real Estate Corp.; at Harbour Green, L. I. First LIFE house completed was this one near Massapequa. Over 5,700 visitors have inspected it.



NEW YORK KOCH HOUSE

John Wanamaker, with County Homes, Inc. at Fulton Park, White Plains. This red-trimmed house, sold before completion, has been visited by thousands. Swedish modern furnishings were shown in LIFE Dec. 12.



PATERSON WILLS HOUSE

Quackenbush's, with Reliable Home Construction Co.; at Tenafly, N.J. Steamshovel moves in to excavate for house at Tenafly Estates, to open early in 1939.



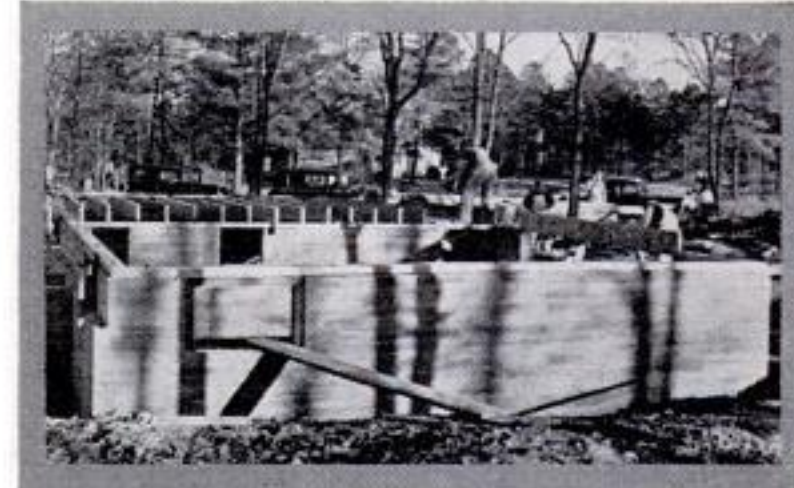
PHILADELPHIA KOCH HOUSE

Gimbel Brothers, with John H. McClatchy; at Chatham Village. Shortly after FHA Director Leo Kirk broke ground, cement foundations were being laid. House will be completed in late January.



PITTSBURGH WILLS HOUSE

Kaufmann's, with Barone & Lind; at Baldwin Manor. 55,000 Pittsburghers have entered Kaufmann's contest for decorating LIFE houses. Wills house will open in January, others later.



RICHMOND WILLS HOUSE

Thalhimer's, with Matt P. Will; at Glenburnie. Mayor Bright of Richmond broke ground for this house Oct. 12. It will be completed in February. Thalhimer's are conducting a contest to decorate it.



SAN DIEGO KELLEY HOUSE

Whitney & Co., with H. L. Benbough Co. and B. M. Torgerson. Mayor Benbough broke ground for this Hermosa La Jolla house, opening January 15.



SAN FRANCISCO KELLEY HOUSE

The Emporium, with Millbrae Highlands Co.; at Millbrae Highlands. On opening day, 4,322 visitors streamed through this house overlooking San Francisco Bay. Wills house will also be built.



SEATTLE KELLEY, KOCH, WILLS HOUSES

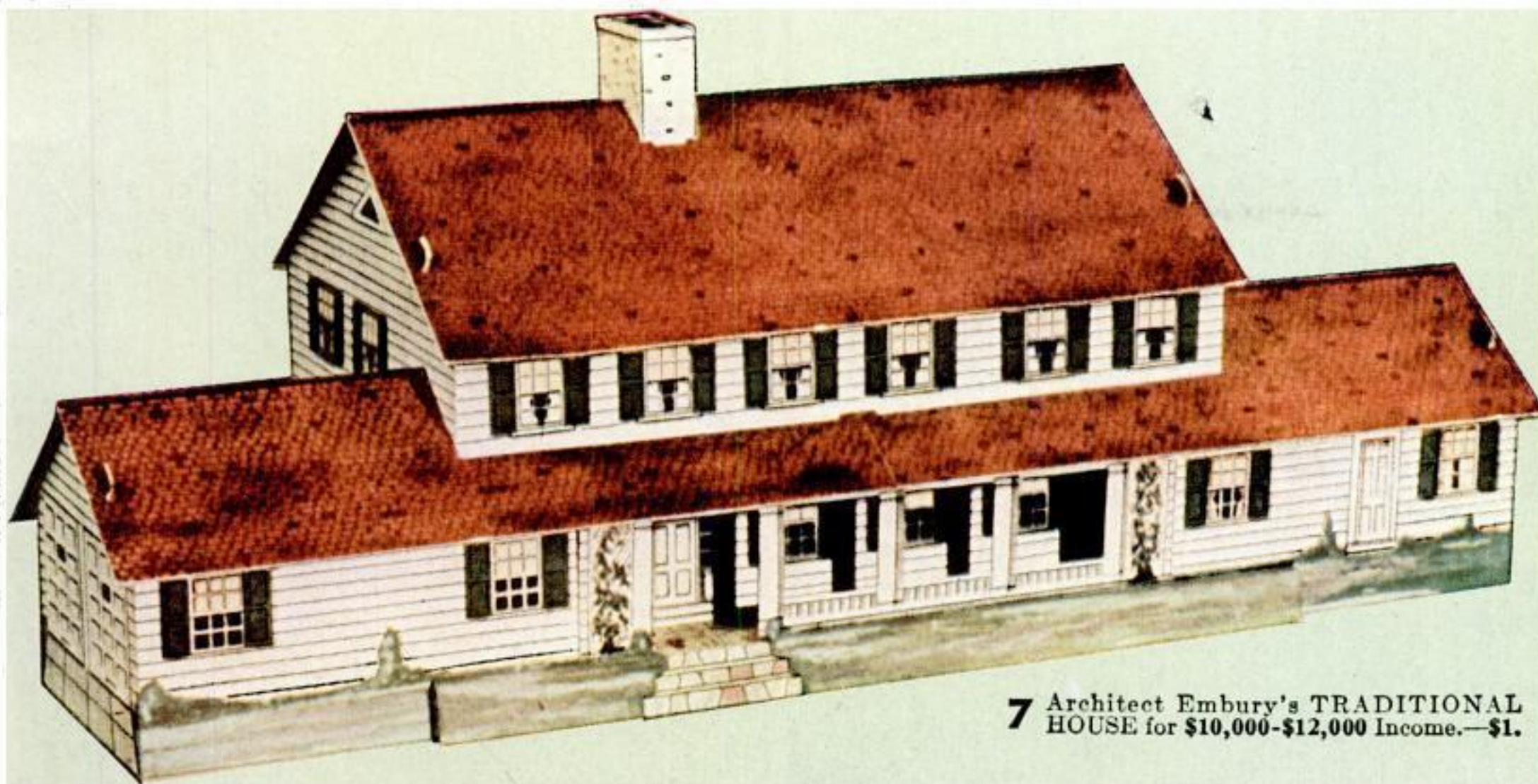
Frederick & Nelson, with Ralph P. Jones; at Viewridge Addition. Ralph P. Jones stands on site where 3 LIFE houses will command view of Lake Washington, Mt. Rainier. All will open about March 1.



WASHINGTON WILLS HOUSE

Lansburgh's, with Cafritz Construction Co.; at Bethesda, Md. LIFE house in Greenwich Forest opens in January, has already received an award from the Electrical Institute of Washington.

*Other LIFE house construction now planned includes: Birmingham Gas Company at Birmingham, Alabama, to be completed about April 15; Jordan Marsh Company, Boston, with Homer T. Brown, Inc.; at Chestnut Hill.



7 Architect Embury's TRADITIONAL HOUSE for \$10,000-\$12,000 Income.—\$1.



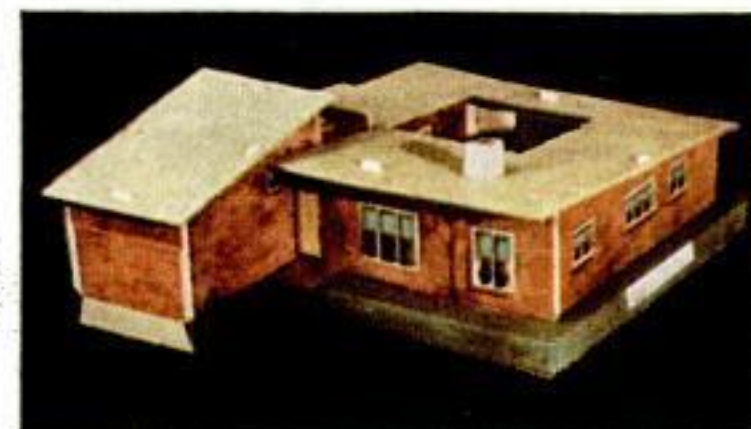
1 Architect Koch's TRADITIONAL HOUSE for \$2,000-\$3,000 Income.—50c.



2 Architect Stone's MODERN HOUSE for \$2,000-\$3,000 Income.—50c.



3 Architect Kelly's TRADITIONAL HOUSE for \$3,000-\$4,000 Income.—75c.



4 Architect Wurster's MODERN HOUSE for \$3,000-\$4,000 Income.—75c.



5 Architect Wills' TRADITIONAL HOUSE for \$5,000-\$6,000 Income.—\$1.



6 Architect Wright's MODERN HOUSE for \$5,000-\$6,000 Income.—\$1.

THIS CHRISTMAS

LIFE MODEL HOUSES

for planning

for fun!



8 Architects Harrison's & Foulhoux's MODERN HOUSE for \$10,000-\$12,000 Income.—\$1.

LIFE MODEL HOUSES are fun for everybody in the family!

Serious and valuable fun for grown-ups who plan to build . . . soon or some day.

Just plain fun for the kids in the family.

Maybe you know . . . Maybe you've already had trouble keeping your LIFE MODEL HOUSES away from the children in your own family . . . Now buy or send for your favorite LIFE MODEL HOUSES—or all of them—for the kids to assemble. . . . And see if you can keep from butting in!

LIFE MODEL HOUSES are faithful scale miniatures—in beautiful full color—of the houses designed especially for LIFE by 8 world-famous architects. Their patented construction, of heavy die-cut cardboard, eliminates messy pasting or cutting . . . makes setting up LIFE MODEL HOUSES all fun.

With every LIFE MODEL HOUSE you get complete outline floor plans and sheet of printed silhouette furniture to cut out and arrange just the way you want to on the plans. And landscaping LIFE MODEL HOUSES realistically is fun too! With a few pieces of sponge, excelsior, sand—almost any odds and ends you can pick up anywhere around the house—building a natural landscaped setting for your model "dream house" becomes a grand game for everybody!

Buy or send for your LIFE MODEL HOUSES today . . . for the kids to assemble, plan and landscape . . . for fun for the whole family . . . for gifts to your friends with children. You can buy LIFE MODEL HOUSES at the stores in this list: or send coupon or write to—LIFE HOUSES, Chicago.

GET YOUR LIFE MODEL HOUSES AT THESE STORES OR . . . USE THIS COUPON

Adam, Meldrum & Anderson, Buffalo
L. S. Ayres & Co., Indianapolis
L. Bamberger & Company, Newark
M. E. Blatt, Atlantic City
Gus Blass Co., Little Rock
Block & Kuhl Company, Peoria
Boston Store, Milwaukee
(Also co-operating with A. Longauer and Elton A. Schultz Co., Builder, in LIFE house construction at Dellwood Park.)
Burdine's, Miami
H. C. Capwell, Oakland
Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago
(Also co-operating with Wm. Joern & Sons, Builder, in LIFE house construction at Edgewood Park, La Grange, Ill.)
Coyle & Richardson, Charleston
Davison-Paxon, Atlanta
(Also co-operating with Palmer, Inc., Builder, in LIFE house construction at Oak Knoll.)
Denver Dry Goods Co., Denver
The Emporium, San Francisco
(Also co-operating with Millbrae Highlands Co., Builder, in LIFE house construction at Millbrae Highlands.)
The Fair Store, Escanaba
Forbes & Wallace, Springfield
Frederick & Nelson, Seattle
(Also co-operating with Ralph P. Jones, Builder, in LIFE house construction at Viewridge Addition.)
Gimbel Brothers, Philadelphia
(Also co-operating with John H. McClatchy, Builder, in LIFE house construction at Chatham Village.)
Gold & Company, Lincoln
Hale Brothers, Inc., Sacramento
Hale Brothers, Inc., San Jose

Harris Company, San Bernardino
The Higbee Co., Cleveland
D. H. Holmes Company, New Orleans
Hood McPherson, Birmingham
The Howland Dry Goods Co., Bridgeport
The J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit
Jones Store Co., Kansas City
Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh
(Co-operating with Barone & Lind, building 6 LIFE houses at Baldwin Manor.)
R. E. Kennington & Co., Jackson
Thomas Kilpatrick, Omaha
Lampson's Department Store, Toledo
Lansburgh's, Washington
(Also co-operating with Cafritz Const. Co., Builder in LIFE house construction at Greenwich Forest.)
F. & R. Lazarus & Co., Columbus
Lewis Furniture Co., Pontiac
Luckey, Platt & Co., Poughkeepsie
R. H. Macy & Co., New York
Harry S. Manchester, Madison
Jordan Marsh Company, Boston
(Also co-operating with Homer T. Brown, Inc., Builder, in LIFE house construction at Chestnut Hill.)
The May Company, Baltimore
(Also co-operating with Property Sales Co., Builder, in LIFE house construction at Greenwood.)
The May Company, Los Angeles
(Also co-operating with Gordon J. Rogers, Builder, in LIFE house construction on land owned by Walter H. Leimert Co. at Leimert Park.)
McCurdy & Co., Rochester
Miller Brothers Co., Chattanooga
F. C. Nash & Co., Pasadena
M. O'Neill Co., Akron

Pelletier's, Inc., Sioux City
Petersen, Harned, Von Maur, Davenport
The Pettibone Co., Appleton
Pomeroy's, Inc., Harrisburg
Pomeroy's, Inc., Pottsville
Powers Mercantile Co., Minneapolis
John Priess Mercantile Co., Mount Clemens
Quackenbush's, Paterson
(Also co-operating with Reliable Home Construction Co., Builder, in LIFE house construction at Tenaflly.)
D. M. Read Company, Bridgeport
Rike-Kumler Company, Dayton
Rothschild Bros., Ithaca
John Schoonmaker & Son, Newburgh
J. B. Sperry Co., Port Huron
The Stewart Dry Goods Co., Louisville
Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis
A. B. Wyckoff, Inc., Stroudsburg
Strauss-Hirschberg, Youngstown
Thalhimer Brothers, Richmond
(Also co-operating with Matt P. Will, Builder, in LIFE house construction at Glenburnie.)
Titcher Goettinger Co., Dallas
A. E. Troutman Co., Greensburg
Walker Hood Furniture Co., Waycross
Charles V. Weiss Co., Rockford
Whitney & Co., San Diego
(Also co-operating with H. L. Benbough Co., Furnishers, and B. M. Torgerson, Builder, in LIFE house construction.)
Wolf & Dessauer, Fort Wayne
George Wyman & Co., South Bend
Yunker Bros., Des Moines
Zibart Bros., Nashville
The Robert Simpson Co., Ltd., Toronto
T. Eaton Company, Ltd., Montreal

John Wanamaker, New York, not selling models, is co-operating with Harmon National Real Estate Corp. in LIFE house construction at Harbour Green, L. I., also with County Homes, Inc. at White Plains, N. Y.
New York Power and Light Company, Albany, N. Y., also planning New York const. of LIFE house.

LIFE HOUSES
330 East 22nd Street
Chicago, Ill.

I enclose \$... for ... LIFE model houses, each complete with floor plans and Plan Furniture cut-outs. I am checking the numbers of the houses you are to send. Shipment post-paid. If models are in any way unsatisfactory money will be refunded if I return shipment within 5 days.

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☐ #2-50c ☐ #4-75c ☐ #6-\$1.00 ☐ #8-\$1.00

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